THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SUNSHINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

I find my way to the rose-bud's heart,
Unfurl to the morn her velvet leaves,
I steal perfume from her scarlet cup,
And dance along on the summer breeze.

To earth I come—mute comforter—
Life, light and joy are in my train—
Who may withstand my magic spell?
Or read my letters bright in twain?

Right royally I hold my away—
I raise my wand, and shadows flee—
Even tempests in my presence smile,
And hail me queen o'er land and sea!

Helena Macdonald;

OR,

THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER IX.

Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.
—*Shakespeare.*

Captain Malcolm Macdonald sat in the parlor of the Craig's End Hotel, as the flaming gilt sign-board announced, his heels elevated on the window-sill, his chair tipped sublimely back, a cigar in his mouth, and a newspaper in his hand. Many people were passing in and out, some of whom he greeted with a nod, others with a brief salutation, while he still went on with his reading and smoking. There seemed to be nothing very exciting in the paper, judging by Captain Macdonald's suppressed yawns; and he was about to throw it aside as worthless, when a paragraph caught his eye, that brought him to his feet as suddenly as though those members were furnished with steel springs.

The paragraph was brief, and ran thus:

"If Oscar Macdonald, Esq., of Macdonald's Isle, be still alive, he is earnestly requested to call immediately at the office of H. Preston, Writer to the Signet, No. 12, Fore street, Craig's End. In case of his death, his heirs should apply.

"H. PRESTON."

"Now, what in the name of Neptune and all his scaly court, can this mean?" ejaculated the amazed Captain Macdonald.

"Should be happy to inform you," said a voice behind him, "only I don't happen to know what you're talking about."

Captain Macdonald turned round, and saw a fashionably-dressed young man who had just entered standing beside him.

"Ah, Murray, how are you?" he said, extending his hand; "happy to see you. What in the world brought you here? The very last person I ever expected to see in this quarter of the globe."

"Well," said Murray, leisurely seating himself, "I came down here, nominally, to transact some business for the governor; but the fact is, I heard the Summer Breeze had arrived, and I wanted to pay my devoirs to your lovely sister. How is pretty Lady Helena?"

"Very well, and at present on a visit at the Rev. Mr. M'Calmont's. But look at this advertisement here, in the Craig's End Chronicle. What the deuce do you make of it?"

Murray took the paper and carelessly glanced over the lines.

"Faith, I don't know. Somebody's left you a legacy, perhaps."

"Pooh! what a notion! Who under the sun is there to leave a legacy to me? The Macdonalds are all as poor as Job's turkey."

"Well, there's your mother's relations—the Dundases. Old Edward Dundas, the city banker, is a millionaire, worth more hundred thousand pounds than I would undertake to count. He might have died and left you his money."

"And leave his own family without. A likely story," said Captain Macdonald.

"My dear fellow, he had no family, except a wife, and she has been dead for many years. You may be certain he has left you his heir."

"By jove! if it should prove to be true, that would be a slice of good luck. But it cannot be. Dame Fortune would never bestow on a Macdonald any such friendly smile. They always were an impoverished race, and always will be, I believe."

"Don't be too confident. Strange things happen sometimes. For instance, I saw something strange a night or two ago."

"Yes? What is it?"

"Well, you see, about dark I was wandering about the shore, enjoying a cigar and the beauty of the evening, and ruminating whether it wouldn't be advisable to take a boat and go over to see her adorable majesty, Queen Helena. Most likely my cogitation would have ended in my going, only, unfortunately, there was no boat to be seen. I was about to turn away in despair, when I suddenly espied a boat containing two persons land at some distance below where I stood. One was a young fellow, tall, and good looking, with a certain air of aristocratic *hauteur* about him, that told me he was not to be interfered with. But his companion—oh, ye gods and little fishes, what a perfect little sylph she was! Such a miraculous combination of blue eyes, yellow curls, snowy complexion, pink cheeks, and red, kissable lips, it never was my good fortune to encounter before. But what struck me most forcibly was her resemblance to some one I had seen before; and after puzzling myself for a long time, I at length discovered she was the very image of pretty little Jessie of the Isle."

"Jessie! oh, pooh! it couldn't have been her," said Captain Macdonald, with an uneasy start.

"Of course, it couldn't have been her with so dainty a knight as that; but it was most confoundedly like her, or what she was when I saw her last—four years ago—though I dare say she has greatly changed since then."

AN UNEXPECTED RECOGNITION.

"Well, what was there so strange about a handsome fellow and a pretty girl landing on the beach to interest the *nonchalant* Aleck Murray?" asked Captain Macdonald.

"Listen. I haven't got to the strange part of my story yet. They walked up the beach to the road, and I could see the girl was terrified and excited, while he tried to soothe and quiet her. My curiosity was aroused; for, 'pon my soul, Macdonald, I never saw a lovelier little creature; and with a sort of idea they were up to some mischief I followed them. It was nearly dark, and they hurried on so fast they did not notice me, and I tracked them into one of the most obscure streets of the town, and saw them enter a little secluded Presbyterian kirk."

"Well?" said his auditor.

"Well, sir, the fellow left her there and went off. I crept softly in, and in the obscurity hid behind a post, determined to see the end. Dark as it was, I could see she trembled with inward emotion, and crouched down in her seat, with her face hidden in her hands, as if terror, remorse, sorrow, or some other feeling was weighing down her heart."

"Wonder the gay Aleck Murray did not approach and offer her consolation," said the young captain, dryly.

"By Jove! I felt like doing it," said Mr. Murray, in all sincerity; "but I wanted to see what was up, for I knew now all could not be quite right. Presently, the young man came back, and with him a minister. All was clear as stars at noonday now. This was a runaway match, a clandestine marriage—something which is always interesting to fast young men like myself. The happy pair stood up before the clergyman, and the twain were soon made one flesh. My ears would have run themselves into points in order to hear the better, but I listened in vain. The minister mumbled over the ceremony so confoundedly low that I could not hear a single word—not even the names of the parties, which I was particularly anxious to find out. I suppose it was all right, however, for I saw the clergyman pocket the fee, and the young man, tucking little blue-eyes under his arm, walked off; and faith, I'd have given a trifle to have stood in his place. I followed, not being ambitious to be locked up all night even in so holy a place as a church.

"Just as I went out, I heard the most awful shriek I ever want to hear again, and there the bride stood like one suddenly turned to stone, while the bridegroom was trying to console her. What scared her I don't know, but certainly I never saw a more terrified look on any face than was on hers. Not wishing to be seen, I drew back, and in a few minutes they started on. I followed them as before, and saw the girl stop for a moment in a grocery shop, while he waited outside. Then they went down to the beach; he handed her into the boat, pushed off, and they were gone—leaving me to rub my eyes and wonder whether I was sleeping or waking. Now, what do you think of this wedding on the sly, without friends, or anything in the usual line?"

"Well, really, I cannot say. Such things do not interest me so deeply as they do you. Perhaps it's the Straithmore fashion."

"No; there's something wrong. He was evidently of a rank superior to the girl. I could tell that, both by their dress and air, and general appearance. I should like to get to the bottom of this mystery."

"Then why not see the minister who married them, and find out from him?"

"Well, for sundry reasons. First, I didn't see his face, and I shouldn't know him if I stumbled over him. Second, it looks so like a rascally, low-bred trick, this tracking them and playing the spy, that I should be ashamed to tell any one of it but so old a friend as you."

"Well, then, never mind this mysterious couple any more," said Captain Macdonald, impatiently; "but tell me what I had better do about this advertisement."

"Why, go and see this 'H. Preston' at once, that's all. I'll go with you; it's not ten minutes' walk from here."

"But if it should prove to be a humbug?" said Captain Macdonald, as he sallied forth arm-in-arm with Murray.

"Then thrash H. Preston, writer to the signet, within an inch of his life," said his pacific friend; "it's the only balm for a wounded mind I know of."

Captain Macdonald laughed; and the conversation turned on various matters as they walked on.

In a short time they reached the office of H. Preston—a dingy-looking old house, with his name over the door in exceedingly dingy letters.

Mr. Preston, a sharp, shrewd-looking little man, sat alone in his office when they entered. He pushed up his spectacles, and surveyed them keenly as they came in.

"You, I presume, are the H. Preston mentioned in this advertisement?" said Captain Macdonald, handing him the paper, and pointing to the advertisement.

"I am, sir. Can you give me any information concerning the parties in question?"

"Faith! he ought to, being the principal party in question himself," interposed Murray.

"How, sir—are you a relative of these Macdonalds of the Isle?" asked the attorney.

"Yes; the son of the Oscar Macdonald mentioned there."

"Ah! Are there any more of you? Is your father living?"

"No, he has been dead these four years; and there are no more of us, as you are pleased to term it, but one sister. May I ask what this affair is all about?"

"Certainly, Mr. Macdonald. You are aware, perhaps, you had an uncle in London Mr. Edward Dundas, the banker?"

"I knew it; wasn't I just saying the old gentleman was at the bottom of it?" said Murray, giving Captain Macdonald a dig in the ribs.

"I am aware of that fact, sir. He was my mother's only brother."

"Exactly. Well, he is dead."

"Indeed!" said the young man, gravely.

"Yes, sir; and having no heirs of his own, he has left his whole fortune to be divided equally between his sister's children. The sum is enormous; and I beg leave to congratulate you on your good fortune. I do not know the exact amount, and for further particulars it will be necessary for you to visit London, where the lawyer who drew up the will resides. Here is his address. All you have to do is, to prove your identity, settle a few preliminaries, and take immediate possession of your fortune. Excuse me, gentlemen, I am very busy, and with your permission will bid you good morning."

And the little lawyer bowed them politely out.

"Well, this is a slice of good luck!" exclaimed Murray. "Upon my word, Macdonald, you must have been born with a silver spoon in your mouth. I suppose you will start instantly for London?"

"Not instantly, my dear Murray. I must go and inform Helena of our good fortune. Dear, noble girl! for her sake I am truly thankful for this."

"Of course you ought to be; not many men are blessed with such a sister as that radiant, glorious Helena. Have you any objection to my accompanying you?"

"Delighted to have you, my dear fellow. Suppose we start now, we shall be at McCalmont's before dark."

"Just as you please, my dear sir. I suppose it will be a 'sight for sair een' to see her dazzling majesty again."

A carriage was soon in readiness, and our two friends started to impart this sudden gift of Fortune's sunshine to Helena.

It was dark when they reached the parsonage—a handsome and rather imposing-looking mansion—and were ushered into the drawing-room by a neat-looking little maid. Helena and Mrs. M'Calmont were seated alone, Mr. M'Calmont having gone to see a sick parishioner.

Helena joyfully hailed her brother, and smilingly greeted his companion, who was an old friend and secret admirer. Poor Aleck Murray! The impression the child Helena had formerly made on his heart time had nearly obliterated; but that radiant smile, those glorious eyes and bewitching glance, totally finished him.

Good Mrs. M'Calmont welcomed her guests in her usual hearty manner, and jolly little laugh. But when she heard of the unexpected good fortune of Sybil and her brother her rapturous delight knew no bounds.

"Just to think of it!" she exclaimed; "My handsome Helena an heiress. Oh, won't she create a *furore* now! Young, rich, and beautiful! Helena! Helena! what an enviable fate is yours!"

Helen's cheek flushed, and her eyes brightened as she thought of Herbert. For his sake she rejoiced over her new-found fortune. Often and bitterly had she secretly regretted and her pride revolted at the idea of becoming the bride of one so far her superior in wealth and fortune. But now she was his equal. There was triumph, joy, exultation in the thought. His aristocratic friends could not look down on her now—could not despise her for her poverty.

Look down on her—a Macdonald of the Isle! In other days, who would have dared to do so and live? But times had changed since those days; and people looked more now to pounds, shillings, and pence than to blood or noble ancestry.

Now she had both. She was his equal in wealth, as she was infinitely his superior in every noble quality, and the triumphant thought sent the blood careering to her crimson cheeks, her red, glowing lips, and the dark eyes lit up magnificently with pride love, and exultation. This fortune of her she would cast at his feet, with her passionate devotion, as she had already cast heart, and life, and being, and soul.

"What are you thinking of Helena?" said Captain Macdonald, after watching her a few moments with a smile. "Your cheeks and eyes are blazing, your face illuminated, as it were, with an inward light of joy and triumph. Surely you do not care so much as this for wealth!"

"Pooh! I know what it's all about," broke in Mrs. M'Calmont, in her customary matter-of-fact manner. "She's thinking that good-looking Mr. Clinton will have a richer bride than he bargained for. Isn't that so, Mistress Helena?"

Helena started from her reverie, and blushed deeply at finding her thoughts thus interpreted. Murray turned pale, as he watched her glowing face; and the conviction came home to him for the first time that Helena Macdonald's rare beauty was appreciated by other eyes than his.

"By the way, when was Clinton here?" asked Captain Macdonald.

"Day before yesterday—wasn't it? He doesn't visit us very often—not half so often as so devoted a lover should. Oh! you needn't try to annihilate me with those flashing eyes of yours, my lady. I'm not a young gentleman, thank goodness? and am proof against even those bright, angry glances. To be sure, the young man may have some plausible excuse; but it seems to me, if I was in his place, I'd stick to you like a chestnut-burr, for fear you might slip through my fingers. Poor, dear Mr M'Calmont was twice as attentive in his courting days, and I never had any beauty worth mentioning," said Mrs. M'Calmont, with her usual jolly laugh.

"I don't know about that, my dear lady," said Malcolm, gayly. "If I were a marrying man, I'd sooner bend my knees to you than half the young girls I know. Only I've an immense respect for Mr. M'Calmont, there is no telling what I might be tempted to do."

"Don't be too confident, Master Malcolm," said the good-humored lady. "I wouldn't have anything to do with such a graceless young scamp as you for any consideration; though, for the sake of sound morality and good taste, I should hope you wouldn't fall in love with me. And here comes Mr. M'Calmont himself, who wouldn't approve of it by any means."

At this moment the good clergyman entered, and warmly greeted his guests.

In a few words his wife told him of this astonishing good fortune. Mr. M'Calmont always took matters very coolly—a circumstance which sometimes provoked his more excitable lady, as on the present occasion—he merely elevated his eyebrows slightly in token of surprise, and said—

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed!" responded his wife, irreverently mimicking his tone; "and one would think fortunes were in the habit of pouring into people's hands as they walked by the way you take it."

"Well, where is the use of flying off at a tangent at everything," retorted her spouse. "as you do? I suppose, captain, you will start for London immediately?"

"Yes, to-morrow morning."

"And as Helena may be wanted, you had better take her, too," said Mr. M'Calmont.

"Very true—I never thought of it before. Can you be ready, Helena?"

Helena thought of Clinton, and asked, rather hesitatingly—

"How long will you be gone?"

"About a week—or two or three at the furthest."

"Now, Helena," broke in Mrs. M'Calmont, who seemed to possess the faculty of reading people's thoughts, "never mind Mr. Clinton. I'll break the news of your absence to him in the gentlest manner possible. Your fortune is of more importance just now than his lordship, who, no doubt, will follow you to London when he hears you are there."

There was no use getting angry with the good-humored old lady, so Helena smiled, and promised to be ready betimes next morning.

And early the following day the brother and sister set out for London.

CHAPTER X.

The strife of fiends is in the battling clouds,
The glare of hell is in these sulphurous lightnings:
This is no earthly storm. *Bertram.*

It was two days after the departure of Helena ere Herbert Clinton visited the parsonage again.

And then he heard of her departure with real surprise and affected concern; but he did not follow her to London, as Mrs. M'Calmont had prophesied.

His passion for Jessie was yet too new—the novelty had not worn off—the joy of knowing she was his wife, his own indisputable property, had not yet abated, as it would do some day, as it must do; for such quick, fierce, passionate, selfish love could not last. As suddenly, as completely as it had come, so must it die; for he was not one of those who, in loving once, love for a lifetime. Jessie was, and so was Helena; but in each, that love despised or neglected would produce different results. Jessie would have folded her hands, drooped, faded, and perhaps died of a broken heart, but Helena would rise majestic with the strength of her wrongs, and hurl to destruction all those who had acted a part in her downfall. Something of all this would at times flit through Herbert Clinton's mind; and once came the ungenerous thought that perhaps after all it would have been better had he never seen Macdonald's Isle. But one smile from Jessie, one fond caress from her gentle arms, and all this was forgotten, and all the world was again bounded for him by its wave-dashed shore.

So the days of Helena's absence were wearing away, and Herbert still lingered a willing captive. Even Mrs. Ben's eyes were beginning to be opened to the fact that there must be something more than met the eye in these long, solitary rambles—those moonlight walks and sails the young couple were so fond of. Aunt Allie had long been throwing out sundry mysterious hints which Mrs. Ben—who disliked scandal—paid no attention to; but now she began to think that after all, it might be more prudent to keep this gay young man of pleasure a little oftener from Jessie. So one day she surprised Jessie by a sound scolding on her "goin' wandering through the woods at all hours, when she ought to be at home doing her work," and positively forbidding her going out again for a week.

Jessie listened in dutiful silence, but promised nothing; and in spite of all Mrs. Ben's watching, met Herbert as often as ever. For that young gentleman would visit the cottage each day, and the little widow was altogether too hospitable to hint that he came oftener than was exactly desirable. And so there was nothing to do, but to hope that Miss Helena would soon return to the Isle, and look after her lover herself, for Mrs. Ben was growing tired of it. Besides, she really liked the youth exceedingly, and would have thought him a paragon of perfection if he would be only less attentive to Jessie.

And Jessie, the sly little child-wife, had gone on dreaming "Love's young dream," and never thinking how terrible one day would be her waking.

Since the bridal-night, the mysterious phantom had never been seen; and both were beginning to hope it had only been an illusion of a heated imagination. Mr. Clinton had accounted for the terrifying shriek and Jessie's fainting-fit in some ingenious way of his own that quite satisfied the old lady, and lulled to sleep any suspicions she might have conceived.

One evening, as Herbert set out to keep an appointment with Jessie, he observed Evan standing, or, rather, sitting perched upon a gate, shading his eyes with his hands, and looking anxiously out to sea.

"Well, my boy, what has caught your attention in that direction?—wild geese?"

"No, sir," said Evan, solemnly, "I see a sail."

"Well, and what of that?" said Mr. Clinton. "A sail is not such an unusual sight here, is it?"

"But there's a storm brewin', an' if the Lord ain't took 'special charge of that vessel the first land it makes will be Davy Jones's locker," said Evan.

"A storm, you blockhead?" exclaimed Clinton. "There is not a cloud in the sky."

"Jes' look over there, sir, and see that black cloud, about the size o' your hand."

"Well!" said Herbert.

"Pretty soon that will be all over the sky, and then we shall have a taring squall. The trees tell the wind's risin' already, and you needn't be surprised if to-morrow mornin' you see the ruins o' that vessel spread all over the shore!"

And Evan, with a doleful shake of his head, descended from his perch and sought the house.

Ere the hour had passed, Evan's prognostications proved true. The heavens rapidly darkened, as dense, black, threatening clouds rolled over them; the sea became of an inky hue, crested with white, ghastly-looking foam, as it heaved and groaned, "like a strong heart in strong agony." The wind rose, and crashed, with terrific force, through the woods, bending strong trees like reeds before its might.

"Eh, sirs, how it blows!" said Mrs. Ben, as she blustered in and out. "I declare to heaven, its almost took me right off my feet. I ain't heard such a wind these five year come Christmas, and then two ships were wrecked right out from the shore, and every soul perished. Dear, dear! what a sight it was next day, when all the drownded corpses were washed ashore. It was the most awful sight I ever saw. Fritz, don't sit layin' there in the corner all night, toastin' your shins like a singed cat. Get up and pick the pen-feathers out of that fowl."

"I heard Evan saying there was a ship in view about an hour ago," said Clinton.

"Lord have mercy upon them then," said Mrs. Ben; "for if they touch the shore they'll every one go to the bottom!"

"Oh, how dreadful!" said Jessie, turning pale with pity and horror.

"It's going to be an awful night. Just listen to the wind roarin' through the trees, and that rain. I never heard the waves boomin' on the beach as they're doin' now, that a wreck didn't follow. It's a blessin' Captain Malcolm and Miss Helena ain't on the sea this dreadful night. When they were away, I used to think of them in every storm. Lord preserve us! look at that!"

And with a piercing shriek the startled Mrs. Ben sprang back.

A fierce gust of wind threatened to bring down the roof about their heads; a tempestuous dash of rain, as if the flood-gates of heaven had opened for a second deluge; a blaze of blue, livid lightning, as though the whole firmament were one sheet of flame; a crash of thunder, as though heaven and earth were rending asunder.

With a wild cry of terror, Jessie sprang up, pale, trembling, horror-struck. Fritz crouched into a ball in a remote corner. Neither dared to speak or move.

Mrs. Ben, forgetting her first involuntary alarm, sprang to close the shutters and make fast the doors. And Herbert, amazed at the suddenness with which the storm had arisen, buttoned up his coat, preparatory to starting for the lodge ere it should further increase in violence.

"Oh, do not go—do not leave us!" cried Jessie, springing forward, pale, wild, and terror-stricken, clinging to him, scarcely conscious of what she did.

"Dearest love, do not tremble so—there is no danger," he whispered, encouragingly, encircling her slight waist with his arm.

But Mrs. Ben turning suddenly round, and beholding them in this position, in spite of her panic was scandalized and indignant.

"Lord a mercy 'pon us, child, sit down—no, kneel down, and say your prayers. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to do such a thing. Mr. Clinton, I'd be obliged to you not to keep your arm round her that way—it doesn't look nice, nor likewise respectable."

But here Mrs. Ben's words were abruptly cut short, for across the stormy, raging sea, high above the roar and shrieking of the storm, pealed the minute gun of a ship in distress, like an agonized cry for help.

"Heaven be merciful! Listen to that!" exclaimed Mrs. Ben, turning pale.

Another fierce, tempestuous burst of wind and rain—another blinding glare of sulphurous lightning—another appalling peal of deafening thunder rent the air—and then again boomed the minute-gun over the sea.

"Something must be done—something shall be done!" cried Herbert, excited beyond endurance at the thought of so many perishing almost within a dozen rods of where he stood. "Fritz, my boy, come with me, and with the assistance of Evan we may be able to save some of those perishing wretches."

"It's too wet," said a terrified voice from the corner, as its owner crouched into a still smaller ball.

But Mrs. Ben—who never forgot the practical, no matter what her alarm might be—went over, and taking the unfortunate youth by both ears, lifted him, with a jerk, to his feet

With a howl of pain, Fritz extricated himself from her hands, and clapped both his own palms over the injured members.

"Now, go this minute, and get your hat and overcoat, and go out with Mr. Clinton, and do whatever you can. And if he goes lazying round, Mr Clinton, just gi'e him a pat 'long side o' the head, and make him know he's got to mind you. Come, be quick."

Fritz, whose dread of the storm was far inferior to his dread of Mrs. Ben, donned his coat and hat with amazing alacrity, and having tied the former under his chin with a red handkerchief to keep it on, stood ready to depart, wiping the tears from his eyes, first with the cuff of one sleeve and then with the other.

Herbert cast one look at Jessie, who had sunk on the floor, her face hidden in her lap; and then turned to depart, followed by the unwilling Fritz. The blinding gust of wind and rain that met them in the face nearly drove them back; but, bending to the storm they resolutely plunged on, and it required all the strength of Mrs. Ben to close the door after them.

The storm seemed increasing in fury. The wind howled, raged and shrieked; the waves thundered with terrific force over the rocks; the thunder roared, peal upon peal, shaking the very island to its centre; the lightning alone lit up for an instant, with its blue, livid glare, the pitchy darkness; and then the crash of the strong trees in the neighboring forest, as they were violently torn up by the roots, all mingled together in awful discord.

But, above all, the minute-gun came wailing once more over the sea.

The two plunging so blindly through the storm hastened on as if winged at that saddest of sounds. And, after tumbling, slipping, falling, rising, and hurrying on again, they reached the old castle at last.

A light was burning in the kitchen. Both rushed in there—wet, dripping, and half-blinded by the storm. Mrs. M'Gregor was on her knees in the middle of the floor, rocking back and forward, and praying aloud in an agony of terror and apprehension; and Evan was walking up and down, groaning and praying, at intervals, with his mother.

"Come, cease that caterwauling!" said Clinton, as he burst in upon them, dripping like a sea-god; "and you, Evan, get your coat, and come with us down to the beach, and see if we cannot save some poor unfortunates from death and destruction."

"Indeed, Mr. Clinton, I canna' go out," said Evan, his teeth chattering like a pair of castanets.

"You villain, if you are not ready in ten minutes, I'll thrash you till you are not able to stir!" exclaimed Herbert, catching and shaking him furiously.

Too terrified by the young man's fierce tone to resist, Evan drew on his hat and coat, and shaking like one in an ague-fit, followed them out into the night, and darkness and storm.

Once more over the tempest-tossed waves rolled the mournful voice of the minute-gun, like a dying cry.

"Heavens, this is maddening!" exclaimed Herbert, rushing to the beach like one demented. "To think they should perish thus, within reach of us almost, while we are here in safety. Fritz, where is your boat? I will venture out and see if I cannot save some one at least."

"Oh, Mr. Clinton, for heaven's sake, don't risk it!" cried Evan, in an agony of terror. "No boat could live two minutes in them waves."

"You couldn't launch the boat in these breakers," said Fritz, "much less pull, if you were into her."

"And they must perish before our very eyes! Heaven of heavens, this is awful!"

Again he listened for the gun, but it came no more. Its voice was silenced in storm and death.

"They have gone down!" said Fritz; "the signal gun will fire no more."

"Heaven have mercy on their souls?" said Herbert, solemnly, lifting his hat.

"Amen!" said Evan, whose fears seemed swallowed up in awe.

"We may soon look out for the bodies," said Fritz, straining his eyes over the black, seething waves.

Even as he spoke, by the blinding light of a glare of lightning, they beheld two bodies, lashed to a spar, thrown violently on the sands near them. All sprang forward, and drew them up beyond the reach of the waves.

"Unfasten this rope," said Fritz, "and we will bring them up to the house. Perhaps they may not be drowned yet."

"One's a woman," said Evan, as he cut the lashing. "I can carry her, I think, while you two carry the man along."

"Go on, then," said Herbert, "up to Mrs. Ben's. Be quick!"

Bearing with the utmost difficulty their wet and apparently lifeless burden in their arms they reached the cottage of the widow, and deposited the senseless forms before the fire. Then, leaving them to her charge and that of Jessie, they descended once more to the beach, to rescue any other unfortunate who might providentially be washed ashore.

Toward midnight the storm abated, and the king of the tempest sullenly began to call off his hosts. The dense, thick clouds slowly rolled back, the lightning ceased to flash, and thunder only growled in the distance; the wind abated, and the rain fell more slowly; but though they waited until morning dawned, no more bodies were wafted to their feet.

The next day's light showed a scene of ruin and death. The beach was strewn in every direction with fragments of the broken ship, and some half-dozen dead bodies lay scattered on the sands. All were cold and dead, and, sad and disappointed, our tired and drenched watchers turned away.

Before going to the castle, Herbert visited the cottage, and learned that the rescued ones were both alive, and might recover. And grateful to have been the means of saving even two of the unfortunates, he sought his own couch, to dream of wrecks and drowned men till noonday.

CHAPTER XI.

There is a shadow in her eye,
A languor in her frame;
Yet rouse her spirit, and she'll glow
With passion's fiercest flame.

T. W. H.

It was late in the afternoon of the following day when Herbert Clinton left the lodge for Mrs. Ben's cottage. Curiosity to see the rescued ones prompted the visit as much as any other feeling, and he walked along rapidly, viewing the scene of desolation which the preceding night's tempest had left.

The cottage door was open to admit the pleasant sunshine, and Herbert paused for a moment to view the scene before he entered.

Mrs. Ben went bustling about the room in her usual breezy, chirruping way, talking incessantly, but in a subdued tone, as though afraid of disturbing some one. Jessie sat near the window, bending over her sewing, looking pale still, after the terror and excitement of the previous night.

But Herbert's eyes did not linger a moment on her; they were fixed, as if fascinated, on another, who lay back in Mrs. Ben's arm-chair, propped up with pillows.

It was the woman, or rather the girl he had saved. What was there in that pale young face to make him start so vehemently, while the blood rushed in a crimson torrent to his very temples. He only saw a small, slight figure; short, crisp, golden curls, clustering over a round, white, polished forehead; bright, saucy gray eyes, half veiled now under the long silken eyelashes resting on the pearly cheek; a little rosebud mouth, and a nose decidedly *retrousé*. It was not a wonderfully pretty face; but there was something bright, piquant, original, and charming about it—something daring, defiant, and high-spirited, as you could see even in its pallor and languor. She might have been sixteen, though she scarcely looked so old as that.

She lay back now, with her little white hands folded listlessly on her lap—her veiled eyes fixed upon them with a dreamy, abstracted look, as if of one whose thoughts are far away—replying low and languidly to Mrs. Ben's ceaseless questioning. And Herbert Clinton, pale and excited, leaned against the door-post, gazing upon her like one who cannot believe his senses.

Suddenly, Jessie raised her eyes from her work, and uttered an ejaculation, as she espied him. He could linger no longer; and like one who walks in his sleep, he passed in.

The clear dark eyes of the little lady in the chair were raised as he entered, and fixed with a look of complete amazement on his face. Her dark eyes dilated, and her lips parted in surprise, as she made an effort to rise from her chair, and then sank back exhausted.

"Herbert Clinton!" broke in surprise from her lips.

"Fanny!" he exclaimed.

And he was by her side in an instant, holding her hands in his, and gazing in her eyes with a look that would have aroused Helena's jealousy had she been present, but which only puzzled Jessie, who, with Mrs. Ben, looked on in astonishment.

"Who in the world would have expected to meet you here?" said the lady, recovering first from a moment's embarrassed silence; "certainly, the last spot on earth I should ever look for the gay, pleasure-loving Herbert Clinton. So, sir, I presume you have been 'taking the world easy' here in this enchanted isle, while your poor, deluded friends were laboring under the conviction you were improving your mind, which needed improving, goodness knows, by foreign travel? Pretty conduct, Mr. Clinton, I must say."

"Oh, Fanny! Fanny! how little did I dream last night that you were in that fatal ship," he exclaimed, passionately.

"Ugh! yes; wasn't it awful?" said the young girl, with a shudder. "I shall never get the horrid sight and sounds of that dreadful night out of my mind whilst I live. Oh, to have heard the screams, and cries, and prayers, and blasphemies of the drowning crew mingling with the fearful storm, was appalling. Holy saints? I hear them yet!"

With a convulsive shudder, she hid her face in her hands.

"Thank Heaven, your life was saved, at least," said Clinton, with fervor.

"Yes; our escape was little less than miraculous. I remember some one making me fast to a floating spar as the ship struck; then the waves swept furiously over me, and I remember no more until I awoke, and found kind friends chafing my hands and temples. Was it you who saved me, Herbert?"

"Not exactly. The waves washed you ashore, and my part of it was merely to have you conveyed up here. But how little did I dream then that Fanny Tracy was so near."

"Fanny Vaughan, if you please, Mr. Clinton," she said, quietly. "I have had the honor of changing my name since I saw you last."

"And you have married Charles Vaughan! Oh, Fanny, Fanny!" he said, reproachfully.

Her eyes flashed as she faced suddenly round, and said, sharply,

"Yes, I have married him; and, Mr. Clinton, don't you dare to speak of him in that tone again. I will not endure it. No, not if you had saved my life a dozen times!"

The angry blood flushed to her pale cheek, and she jerked her hand angrily away from his grasp.

Herbert bit his lip till it bled, to keep down his rising anger, while Jessie and Mrs Ben still sat staring in increasing amazement.

There was a long, disagreeable pause, broken at last by Mrs. Vaughan saying, in her usual quick way,

"There, you need not get angry now, Herbert; have you forgotten that no one used ever to get angry at anything said by 'Madcap Fanny?' Come, don't speak so of Mr. Vaughan again, and I'll forgive you; there's my hand on it. I cannot forget that we are very old friends."

A shadow crossed Herbert's face as he bent over the little hand she extended.

"Has your — has Mr. Vaughan been saved?" he asked, in a subdued tone.

"Yes; the waves washed us both ashore together. But something struck him on the head, and he is unable to rise. I suppose you are puzzling your brains now to know what brought us to this quarter of the globe?"

"I confess I have some curiosity on that point."

"Well, you see," said little Mrs. Vaughan, adjusting herself more comfortably in her chair, "we went on a bridal tour through the Highlands, and on our way home, Charles thought he would call at Craig's End, where he had business of some kind. We took a coasting steamer to Glasgow, and, strange to say, we had fine weather until the journey was near its end, and then the storm arose in which we so nearly perished. But, Herbert, what under the sun can have driven you here?"

Herbert colored as he met her bright, keen glance.

"Well, I came with a friend of mine—a certain Captain Macdonald—who owns a residence here, and I am for the present his guest, though unexpected business for a time called him away. Anything for a change, you know," he added, laughing, "and this island is not quite devoid of attraction."

"By no means," said Mrs. Vaughan, glancing demurely at Jessie. "I certainly admire your good taste in saying so. Once here, with such a divinity as this, I can easily account for the attraction that binds you, most fickle of men, here," she added, in a lower tone.

"Pshaw, Fanny," he said, striving to hide by a laugh the guilty flush that lingered still on his face, "you surely do not think I have forgotten you so soon?"

"If it were any one else, I would not, but you—oh, you never would be true to any one longer than a month. Talk about woman's fickleness! I'm sure the wind never was half so changeable as you."

"Yes, you gave me great encouragement to be true to you," he answered, with some bitterness.

"Did I?" said Mrs. Vaughan with a yawn. "Well, I know I was a horrid little simpleton once, but I've grown old and wise now. And if it's all the same to you, Mr. Clinton, I'll leave you now. I feel tired and ill yet after last night."

She rose and went into the room with a weary, tired air.

"So you know her?" said Mrs. Ben. "Who'd ever thought it! So that tall, dark-looking fellow, with all the whiskers and moustaches, is her husband? I declare if it ain't scandalous the way lassies will get married before they're out o' short frocks. I jist wish I had a daughter,—no, I mean if I had a daughter, I'd like to see her tryin' to get married at such an un-Christian age."

Jessie turned scarlet, and bent lower over her work.

Herbert stood leaning with one arm on the mantlepiece, gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

"What did you say her name was?" inquired Mrs. Ben, sitting down, and beginning to reel off yarn.

"Mrs Charles Vaughan, now; she was Fanny Tracy when I last met her," he said, as if half speaking to himself.

"S'pose you've known her a long time?" continued Mrs. Ben.

"Yes, we were children together," he replied, in the same dreamy tone.

"And her husband—known him long?" pursued Mrs. Ben.

"Yes, I know him for a cruel, jealous passionate tyrant!" said Herbert, starting up so suddenly and fiercely that Mrs. Ben dropped the ball she was winding and sprang back.

"Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it!" she exclaimed, recovering herself, and indignantly resuming her work. "Scaring a body out o' their wits for nothin' I 'spose she knowed all that afore she took him."

"Pray pardon my vehemence, Mrs. Ben," said Herbert, recovering himself by an effort as he saw Jessie's troubled gaze fixed on his face; "I forgot myself for a moment. But this patient of yours, this Mr. Vaughan, may need a doctor. I am going over to Craig's End to-night, and if you wish I will bring one to-morrow."

"It would be better," said Mrs. Ben, thoughtfully. "He's got a tremendous cut right in his head. I did what I could for him; but, of course, a body would feel more satisfied if they had a reg'lar doctor."

"If I were ill, Mrs. Ben, I should trust to you in preference to any doctor ever warranted to kill or cure," said Herbert, as he took his hat to go.

Mrs. Ben smiled benignly at the compliment, quite delighted at this tacit acknowledgement of her skill.

And an hour after, Herbert and Evan were on their way to Craig's End.

What were Herbert Clinton's thoughts, as, sitting silently in the stern of the boat, he watched the dancing waves flash and sparkle in the sunlight. Very different from those he had indulged in not long since, when, on one eventful night, he and Jessie had crossed it together. This Fanny Vaughan, with her pretty, piquant face, and pert, saucy manners had first won his boyish heart. He had raved, and vowed, and implored at her feet, but she only laughed at him and his passion, and now she had no more power over his heart than if she had never existed. Might it not be the same with those he had loved since? Was not his passion for Jessie beginning to grow cold already? Would it not grow colder every day? And in the hot ardor of his love he had made this little, obscure, uneducated, shy child his wife. Why, oh, why had he not waited? And now that the deed was forever irreparable, where was this to end?

They reached Craig's End before dark, and Evan having landed him, set off for the island again, promising to return for him in the morning. The moon was just rising above the trees when he reached home; and on entering the house, the first object that he beheld was his young mistress, in close conversation with his mother.

"Good gracious, Miss Helena, you here?" was Evan's first ejaculation.

"Yes, Evan; and glad to be home again," she answered, gayly. "Aunt Allie tells me you have just been taking Mr. Clinton over to Craig's End.

"So I have; but I'm to go for him early to-morrow mornin.' I expect if he knowed you was a-comin', he'd stayed."

"Humph!" said Aunt Allie, dubiously.

"Did he seem lonely during my—during our absence?" asked Helena.

"Lonely? Indeed he didn't. He was in first-rate spirits all the time."

"Ah!" said Helena, a shadow falling over her face; "he spent his time in fishing, and shooting, I suppose, and snaring birds?"

"Snaring birds? Yes; an' caught one, too," said Aunt Allie, in a tone that spoke volumes.

"Caught one? What do you mean, Aunt Allie? I don't understand," said Helena, anxiously.

"Miss Helena, don't listen to her. She's always got some nonsense to tell," interrupted Evan, casting an angry and warning glance toward his mother.

But now that the opportunity she had so long waited for had come, the old woman's tongue was not to be stopped.

"It's all for your good, my leddy, indeed it is; an' I think it my duty to warn you, my leddy, that Mr. Clinton ain't to be depended on. There!"

"Aunt Allie, what do you mean? Speak, and tell me what you are hinting at. What has Mr. Clinton done?" asked Helena, growing very pale.

"Well, my leddy, instead o' stayin' here, and thinking of you, as he ought, he's been prowlin' all hours of the night round the island with Miss Jessie—making love to her, I'll be bound."

"What?" cried Helena, in a tone that made the old woman leap to her feet, as she sprang forward and caught her by the arm. "Dare you insinuate such a thing? I tell you he could not, and he would not—he dare not prove false to me!"

"Miss Helena! for heaven's sake, don't look at me with such wild eyes. I think she's bewitched him, I can't account for it no other way," said Aunt Allie, trembling before the awful wrath of those blazing eyes. "I only says what I knows. He's all the time talkin' bout her to hisself when he's 'lone."

"It cannot be true; he dare not deceive me!" almost shrieked Helena. "What proof have you of this? Speak! speak!"

"Miss Helena, you may assassinate me if you've the mind to; but I'm tellin' the truth. Since you left they ain't a minute apart. They've sailed in the night, an' gone trampin' about the island in the day time, an' I've heard him callin' her his 'dear Jessie' when he's alone. I know 'tain't pleasant, nor likewise agreeable, for you to hear this; but I tell you for your good, 'deed I does."

But now the first fierce gust of passion was over, and pale and tottering, Helena leaned against the chimney-piece—her arm on the mantel, her head bowed upon it, shuddering, sinking, collapsed. All his neglect, that had puzzled her so long, was accounted for now. She was forgotten—deserted, for this island girl!

So long she remained in that fixed, rigid attitude, that Aunt Allie began to grow alarmed; and she was on the point of commencing a consoling speech, beginning with "Miss Helena, my leddy," when the young girl lifted her head, and asked, in a hollow voice—

"Is this—this girl in the island still?"

"Yes, of course she is—down at Mrs. Ben's."

For a moment longer Helena stood, gazing steadily before her, with those wild, fierce, burning eyes; her face perfectly colorless, save that two dark-purple spots blazed in and out upon it like burning coals; her teeth set; her hands clenched. All the humiliation, the shame, the agony of being deserted, rushed like a burning torrent through her mind. And with it came a fierce, demoniacal hatred of her idol, and a deadly wish to be revenged.

Starting suddenly up, she fled up the stairs, through the long, unlighted hall, out of the front door, and took the path leading to Mrs. Ben's. The bright moonlight lit all around with a pale, radiant glory. And, standing near a rock, commanding an extensive view of the sea, Jessie stood, enjoying the beauty of the night, when suddenly a fierce grasp was laid on her shoulder, and she looked up. Her vision was realized. Helena Macdonald stood glaring upon her, with her fierce, wild black eyes, her long hair streaming down her back, like an aroused tigress preparing to spring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AFTER ALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

She came and sat beside him, in her own quaint and quiet fashion, putting up her small hand at times to smooth back the clustering hair from his white forehead. She was a frail, slight little thing, with eyes as brown as a bird's, and a wealth of rippling chestnut hair that fell around her shoulders, and far below her waist, enveloping her as in a veil. The expression of her face was singularly sweet and tender, and her clear eyes rested upon her betrothed lover with a wistful, unsatisfied look that bespoke a heart ill at rest.

Arthur Fountain leaned back indolently in his easy-chair, and looked, not at his promised bride, but past her—away, away—down the river, where his roving eyes rested a moment, to watch the boats in their passage up and down the stream—and beyond the river, to the green hills and meadows stretching away in the distance. He seemed almost unaware of the gentle presence hovering so near him. Arthur Fountain and Alice Wynn had grown up together. From her earliest remembrance he had been her very idol—her hero, her all that was good, high and noble. What though others had called him cold and selfish? In her mind he was so far above the common crowd that he could afford to smile down upon them contemptuously from his lofty stand-point. Perhaps the gossip had a slight sting of truth in it—but Alice saw no flaw in the marble, no defect in the picture, no shadow on the glass. And why? Spirit of unselfish Devotion, of blind, idolatrous Love, make answer!

For a time after their betrothal, Alice was perfectly happy; she had lavished such a wealth of affection upon Arthur Fountain—she had been so blest in giving, in yielding up to him all that was best in her heart, that she did not stop for a time to ask herself if she had received an equal measure of affection in return for her own, so lavishly bestowed, so freely given. He was kind, indeed, in his own indifferent, lordly way—he the king, always, she the subject—but he seldom kissed or caressed her as men do the women whom they love and hope to wed. To-day, sitting beside him, with her brown eyes lingering lovingly upon his face, a sharp and sudden pang smote her heart, as she noted his look of quiet indifference, and gazed into the eyes that did not seek hers, but wandered past her, and away, across the river, and to the hills beyond. Something of the painful truth forced itself upon her, as she looked at him, noting his easy, indolent grace, and the calm, cold expression of his well-cut features. Instinctively she felt that they had been and were playing at cross purposes. A thousand thoughts seemed to rush through her startled soul, and pressed at her lips for utterance, but no word was spoken. Struggling to master her emotion, that it might not betray her, she tried to ask herself if she could give him up? Could she renounce the hope that had been so dear to her, and learn to tread alone life's thorny pathway? Would she not be even more utterly alone wedded to the man whom she idolized, but who gave her, as she now believed, no love in return? With the object of our affection in view, the starving heart sickens in despair, but removed from our sight we may find existence possible, and slowly, slowly, and with many a bitter struggle unlearn the lesson that it required no effort to master, but which, strangely enough, can scarcely be effaced from heart and brain. While thoughts like these came and went, in quick succession through her mind. Arthur had arisen from his seat, and observing her look of painful abstraction, bent his handsome head toward her, and laid his hand, not ungently, upon hers, saying—

"Well, Allie, you are present in body, but judging from the far-away look in your eyes, one might suppose you to be absent in spirit. Will you go for a ride this evening? Bonny needs exercise, I have not had him out since last week, and he will be off like the wind, after standing idle so long. Be ready, and I will call for you at five."

"Yes," she answered, desperately, "I will go. Come at five."

"Good-bye, then," he said, deliberately buttoning his glove, and adjusting the light cap crushed over his curls. A minute later the hall-door clanged behind him, and she heard his quick footsteps upon the pavement below.

"Yes, I will go," she said to herself, "it will be only this once, and afterward I shall be stronger and can better say to him what I must say at last. Oh! Arthur," she moaned, "is it that another has come between us, or did I but ill conceal the love I bore you, and Pity thought to reign in Love's stead? I will be gay this evening, our last evening together, and when you receive back your freedom at my hands, you shall not know that it costs me a pang, but think me as I would to God I were in reality, heart-free!"

She dressed herself for the ride with unusual care, and came floating down the long stair to meet him, "a flutter of white from head to foot." He stood a moment, as if half-entranced at the sight of that lovely vision. Then—

"Allie, you are radiant this evening. You should always wear white." And with something very like a lover's tenderness shining in his eyes, he took her delicately gloved hand in his and escorted her down the steps to the light carriage in waiting.

"White for the birth, bridal and burial, you know, Arthur," she said, half-absently, as she leaned back among the crimson cushions of the carriage, making in her floating, fleecy raiment a picture fair to look upon.

Bonny was in high spirits, and they were whirled rapidly along the country road, winding through green lanes and meadows and waving trees. Arthur was attentive, and more lover-like, she thought sadly, than she had ever known him, while she, on her part, exerted herself to the utmost to appear gay and light of heart. But underneath all the mirth and laughter her heart lay fainting, dying, it seemed, within her breast.

It was after sunset when Arthur turned the horse's head homeward. Usually the animal was quiet enough, but this evening he seemed possessed of an evil spirit. Every shadow near the roadside startled him. Suddenly an owl perched upon a tree near by uttered his dismal "to-whoo!" At the first sound, borne shrilly along the evening air, the horse sprang forward—on, on he flew, never heeding the iron grasp on the reins becoming every instant more unmanageable. Pale as marble, Alice shrank closer to Arthur's side, uttering no word or cry, but with a strange expression upon her white face. A moment more, and the carriage was dashed sharply and suddenly against a tree by the roadside, hurling the occupants to the earth.

When Alice Wynn awoke to consciousness she was lying upon her own bed, in her quiet room at home. She tried to think why she was lying there, and what it was that had happened. Slowly memory returned to her, and she remembered being thrown violently from the carriage to the ground, and after that all was a blank until now. Some one was sitting at the foot of the bed—she could not see the face, but she heard a voice, low and tremulous with tears, breathing a prayer into the ears of the Infinite! "Spare her, O God, and my whole future life shall tell how deeply, how devotedly I love her!" The low tones, the precious words, fell like balm upon her soul. The life-blood that had almost ceased to throb through her veins rushed from her heart in one overpowering tide, dyeing her pale cheeks crimson, and mantling with a roseate blush her brow.

"Arthur!" she said softly, and started at the sound of her own voice, it had such a queer, pathetic little quaver running through it.

"Thank God!" he cried, starting up and gathering her—poor little wan flower—close to his breast.

"You love me now, Arthur?"

"Not more now than always, darling," he answered, pressing his lips to hers fondly, and divining in a moment her thoughts; "but hereafter my love shall find expression in every look and tone. I have been a careless fellow, but this accident has taught me a lesson I shall never forget. Say you forgive me, Allie!"

We all know what she said. And so it came about that they were happy after all!

THE WIDOW'S WAGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Widow Deane sat at the front window of her little parlor one morning, busy with some kind of fancy-work which showed off her plump, well-shaped hands, with the wedding ring sparkling on her left one, to the best advantage. She was a very pretty widow, and no one was better aware of the fact than she was. Her snug-fitting dress set off as plump and trim a figure as any in Downsborough, and nowhere in the whole neighborhood could you find a brighter pair of brown eyes, or a more kissable, charming face. I wonder why young widows are always pretty and charming? No matter how plain they may be before their husbands "go the way of all flesh," straightway after that event takes place, and they come out in black dresses and the other etceteras of a mourning toilet, they are voted bewitching and *so pretty!* It is strange that such should be the case, but it seems to be the effect which widowhood has on them.

Widow Deane heard steps coming down the road, and leaned out to see who was going by just as a man came opposite her gate.

"Is that you, Mr. Fields?" she called out cheerily. "Good morning; pleasant weather, isn't it, after the shower last night?"

"Beautiful," stammered Mr. Fields, blushing up as delightfully as a woman could have done, and appearing as awkward as an overgrown schoolboy on his first morning at school.

"Won't you come in?" asked the widow, smiling very sweetly, as she brushed back her curls, which *would* persist in falling about her rosy face in the most charming confusion, as she leaned out of the window.

"I—I can't this morning," stammered Mr. Fields. "I'd like to—" with a look full of bashful admiration into the widow's pretty face, "but I'm rather in a hurry, you see."

"Come in this evening, then," urged the widow, "can't you? It's real lonesome. I wish you would, now, really Mr. Fields."

"I—I *will!*" answered Mr. Fields. "I'll bring my chess-board and men along, if you've no objections, Mrs. Deane."

"I should be delighted to have you," answered the widow, smilingly. "I'm sure I can beat you, Mr. Fields."

"I shouldn't wonder," answered Mr. Fields. "I—I'm no match for women," he added with a very rosy face, and wondering how he was ever bold enough to say it.

"Oh, you naughty man!" cried the widow. "I shall beat you, just to pay you for that! See if I don't!"

"I dare say," responded Mr. Fields, as he bowed good-morning. "What a charming creature she is," he thought, as he passed on. "I'd be perfectly happy if she was Mrs. Fields." Here he had to blush at the idea of *any* woman's being Mrs. Fields. "I do believe she likes me, but I wouldn't dare to ask her, for anything. Every time I think of such a thing, my heart thumps just like a trip-hammer against my ribs. I—I wish the women had their *rights*. Then they'd have to do their share of popping the question, and the like. What if Martha Jones, or Miss Spooner, or some of them old maids should take it into their heads to ask a fellow to have them? and of course they would! Good gracious! I'd never *dare* to tell them no! and I'd sooner be in the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico than to have any of them!"

Mr. Fields broke out in a cold perspiration all over at the bare idea.

"What a funny man!" said the pretty widow to herself, with a soft little laugh, as Mr. Fields went on down the road. "I'm sure he'd like to ask me to be Mrs. Fields, if he dared to, but he hasn't spunk enough. How he does blush when I look at him! I came near laughing in his face, he looked so confused. I like him ever so much, and I don't think I'd answer him no, if he asked me a certain question, but I don't believe he could muster up courage enough to ask it. I don't see why he need to be so bashful! I'm sure I'm not at all dignified and distant."

The widow looked more charming than ever when she sat in the parlor waiting for Mr. Fields that evening. She had on a neat brown dress of just the precise shade to show off her clear complexion, and the little knot of blue ribbon at her throat was the least bit coquettish in its appearance. Her curls were tied up with a ribbon of the same pretty color, and the white rosebud which she fastened over her pink ear made her look as youthful as she did the day she married Archie Deane, six years before. She sighed softly, when she looked at the plain wedding-ring upon her finger. Archie had been dead three years and over.

A step on the path announced that some one was coming. Pretty soon some one knocked. She went to the door, and admitted Mr. Fields.

"I thought it was you," she said, taking his hat. "Take that easy-chair, Mrs. Fields. I'm ever so glad you came over. I get so lonesome," and a little sigh gave emphasis to the words.

Mr. Fields sighed too. He got lonesome sometimes in his bachelor quarters, but he wouldn't have dared to say so for the world, with the widow's bright eyes looking square into his face.

The widow sat down and chatted away in her lively fashion. Mr. Fields kept watching her when he could do so without her seeing him. Once she looked up suddenly, and caught his eyes fixed on her face, and then he turned as red as the tea roses in the window, and just the faintest tinge of carnation came into her cheeks. It made her look over so much prettier, Mr. Fields thought. He almost wished she'd look up again and catch him watching her, if she'd blush in that way. Innocent man! he never dreamed that the widow was as well aware of his admiring glances as he was!

"Oh! our game of chess," cried the widow, suddenly. "I came near forgetting all about it. Did you bring the men and board, Mr. Fields?"

"I put them on the centre table," answered Mr. Fields.

The widow fluttered about and got the chess-board and men, and drew her chair up opposite Mr. Fields

"I promised to beat you," she said, arranging the board on a little stand between them. "I'm going to do so if I possibly can, Mr. Fields," with an arch glance into his face. Mr. Fields happened to be admiring her brown curls as she looked up, and the fact that she detected him in the act so disconcerted him that he knocked over the chess-men she had arranged, and then he had to help her set them again, and their hands came in contact on the board; somehow the touch of the widow's plump white hand made him thrill all over with a delightful sensation, and he wondered, if the accidental touch of her fingers affected him so delightfully, what it must be to hold that hand in his? Poor Mr. Fields! He was very deeply in love, but he didn't dare to say so.

At length the board was arranged, and they were ready to open the game.

"Oh!" cried the widow suddenly, "wouldn't it be nice to have a wager? It would make the game so much more interesting! Don't you think so, Mr. Fields?"

Mr. Fields didn't know but it would.

"I'll tell you what!" said the widow, blushing like a gilly-flower pink, and looking every bit as sweet, Mr. Fields thought; "I read a story not long ago about two persons playing on a wager, and the stake was a kiss! Now, I'll agree to kiss you if you beat, and if I beat, you shall kiss me! Isn't that fair?"

"Yes," stammered Mr. Fields, "but—but I am afraid you'll beat!"

"Why, then you'll have to kiss me, that's all," laughed the widow. "If you beat, I'd just as lief kiss you as not. As likely as not you'll beat me."

"Well, I—I'll take the wager," answered Mr. Fields in desperation.

And so the game commenced. If ever he played to win, it was then. There was something very fascinating about the idea of kissing the widow, but he didn't believe he could muster up courage enough to do it, if he won the game. He much preferred that she should kiss him. He could stand it with considerable fortitude to *be* kissed, but, to *kiss* was rather more than he could think of with composure. He never had kissed a woman, that he could remember, and he was sure he should make some awful mistake, if he tried to. But from the first the game went against him. His pawns were captured right and left, and then his bishops were taken from him. Then his king got in check, and he had to sacrifice his queen to get him out, and then, by one masterly move the widow planted a knight directly in front of the kings' block, and left him in check with her castle, and cried out, "Checkmate!" her eyes sparkling with mischief.

Something that was almost a groan broke from Mr. Fields' lips. How was he ever going to pay his wager? It made him shiver to think of it.

"I am waiting for you to pay your debts," said the widow, smiling bewitchingly into the bachelor's face.

"I—I wish I'd won the game," stammered Mr. Fields, bursting into a cold sweat.

"Why, then I'd have had to kiss *you!*" said the widow, coquettishly.

"I—I know *that*," cried Mr. Fields. "That's why I wish I'd got the game!"

"What a selfish man!" laughed the widow. "I didn't suppose you were so selfish, Mr. Fields, upon my word, I didn't!"

"I—I ain't *selfish*," cried the poor man, driven to desperation, "but—but I *dassent!*"

"What an excuse!" cried the widow. "I won't accept it! You don't *want* to kiss me That's the reason! but I'm going to insist on your paying your debts, Mr. Fields. I should like to know why you're afraid of *me!* I know better! You'll have to get up some other excuse before I let you off. I wouldn't have been afraid to kiss *you*, if you'd won the game, I'm sure."

"I—I wish you'd kiss me and call it square!" said Mr. Fields, feeling that he was being cornered pretty closely.

"I would if it wasn't for encouraging you in your selfishness," answered the widow with an arch smile into his face, which set the blood tingling clear to his toes, and made him feel almost bold enough to pay his wager.

"I—I'll *dare* you!" cried the bachelor; "if you'll kiss me. I—I'll kiss you!"

"Done!" cried the widow, and kissed Mr. Fields plump on the mouth before he could say Jack Robinson. "Now you *can't* back out!" cried she, as rosy as the pinks in the garden again.

"I—I *won't!*" cried Mr. Fields, and caught her and kissed her on her cherry lips. And then, suddenly grown bold and courageous, he kissed her three or four times for interest, I suppose, on the debt he had contracted, and somehow every kiss seemed to give him additional courage, for before he let her go, he managed to squeeze her hand in a decidedly lover-like way, and the widow didn't seem to object, but rather returned the gentle pressure.

After that there was a little silence, but for some reason Mr. Fields wasn't so bashful as he had been. He began to think it best to follow up the advantage he had gained over his timidity, and so he by and by, after a good deal of self-encouragement to do the deed, managed to screw up bravery enough to kiss the widow again, and she didn't seem at all put out about it, he thought. And then—Mr. Fields couldn't tell how, for the life of him—he actually asked the widow to be Mrs. Fields. He felt great wonder, after the deed was done, how he ever got bold enough to ask a woman to marry him, but he did, and she did not answer no.

I rather think that the widow did her full share of making the proposal; but since they are happy as two turtle-doves, it doesn't matter much who furnished the necessary courage to ask the important question. He isn't as bashful as he used to be. The widow, or rather Mrs. Fields, is curing him of that.

SEATS OR NO FARES.

The Springfield Massachusetts Republican of August 12th says: "A gentleman from the West, who arrived in this city yesterday, tells of an incident which happened this week on the New York Central train, which may furnish a hint to travellers hereabouts. Among the passengers who got on the train at Utica, New York, were twenty-three men who were unable to find a seat. Among them was a lawyer, who proposed to the rest that all decline to give up their tickets until they were furnished seats. The agreement was made, and when the conductor came around he found twenty-three gentlemanly but very obstinate men, who refused to give him either tickets or money unless he would show them a place to sit. The conductor replied that there were plenty of vacant seats in the next car; but on inquiry it was ascertained that this was a drawing-room car, for which extra charge was made. So the twenty-three declined to budge, and matters remained in this unsettled condition until the cars had gone a long distance. The conductor finally induced two dozen persons who had seats to go into the drawing-room car, without extra charge, and then made a place for the obstinate twenty-three, who then gave up their tickets as they had said they would do. Undoubtedly they had the right of it, as the courts have repeatedly decided that a passenger is justified in refusing payment of fare until the railroad company gives him proper accommodations."

☞ Twelve thousand mosquitoes to each cubic foot of atmosphere is the allowance at Key West.

TO THE DEATH!

BY EDMUND YATES.

In the summer of 1861, the heat throughout Europe was intense; perhaps in no place more intense than at Baden Baden. The little English and American colony temporarily located there suffered tremendously. Little Ikiass, the red-bearded artist just elected member of the "New Water Color," declared it was too hot to sketch, and used to sit in his room in his shirt sleeves drinking cognac and iced seltzer and smoking hopelessly. Dr Flemm, the great physician, shook his head warningly when he saw any of his friends starting out for picnics in the Black Forest, and bade them beware of sun stroke; while old Lady Doldrum sat calmly without her wig, in her own shady apartments to the terror of those who caught a glimpse of her through the open door, and declared she was nearly dead with the heat.

Now, though it must be conceded that none of these people had probably ever experienced such an amount of heat as to make them speak positively as to the point of comparison, yet if you have ever been in Seville or Madrid during the month of July, you will allow that the denizens of either of those places may be regarded as judges of caloric, and here at Baden were the Senora Sebastiana Gonfalon and her brother Diego, who both declared throughout the length and breadth of Spain, they had never found it so hot as in that little gambling inferno on the margin of the Black Forest.

Such a woman, Sebastiana Gonfalon! About four-and-twenty, and of the real *sangre azul*, the old Spanish type. Very slight pencilled eyebrows, a short and slightly *retroussée* nose, large protruding lips, a little rounded chin, and blue-black hair banded tight round her head, and fastened into a large bow behind. About the ordinary woman's height, strong-limbed, with small hands and feet, wonderfully lithe and supple in her movements, and with a peculiar swimming walk which set all the women in Baden practising in their bed-rooms without the faintest approach to the original. A face very calm and statuesque in repose, very terrible when it lit up with anger, horribly dangerous when melting with love. They hadn't seen much of any expression save her ordinary repose at Baden; but little Jack Harris from the Inland Irrigation Office, said, he could perfectly fancy what it would be, and he wouldn't for thousands have any—any love affair—there! Little Jack Harris need not have troubled himself. He was introduced to Sebastiana, and at the time of the introduction she had muttered behind her fan to her brother something about his being a droll-looking little creature, but from that hour she either was, or affected to be, profoundly unconscious of his existence.

It had been hotter than ever during the day, but the day was happily past and over, and the moon was streaming on to the broad gravelled Platz in front of the Conversation-haus, and the band stationed in their little oil-lamp illumined kiosk, were rattling away at Strauss's waltzes and Lanitzky's galops, and the gamblers were thronging the roulette and trente-et-quarante tables; and of the non-gamblers all such as had ladies with them, were promenading and listening to the music, while the others were seated round the little wooden tables drinking and smoking. At one of these tables four men were sitting, who, in this tale at least, merit particular notice. The little paper lantern holding the cigar-lighting candle, flares on the broad, healthy bronzed face (where, through the thick curling light beard, the face can be seen) of Arthur Acton, formerly of the Light Brigade, now swell, landed proprietor, English gentleman. After the Crimean campaign Arthur cut soldiering and sold out. He is a type of his class, as you perceive in his broad chest, well-knit figure, well-shaped white hand, with the massive signet-ring on the little finger, and the broad gold band on the finger next to that; in his open throat, his long white wristbands, his evening dress so *dégagé* yet so well-fitting, his perfect boots, the easy, careless unstudied grace of his attitude; a big man, with the heart of a lion and the simplicity of a child, who had looked death in the face a score of times, who had ridden into the Balaclava charge as calmly as into Rotten Row, and who would as soon have thought of defaming his dead mother as of uttering a boast or a lie. Not a scholar, his reading having been mostly confined to Bell's Life, and the Racing Calendar, not a purist—he had lived too much in camps and barrack-rooms for that—but a keen, clear-headed man of the world, as you may see in his broad open brow, over which the short light hair curls so crisply, in his bright blue eyes, his frank face, his great cheery hone t laugh. Next to him, Jack Harris, government clerk, before named—a wiry, dapper little man, got up with scrupulous neatness. Jack's hairdresser tells him that "his parting is thinning," which in plain English means, that Jack is getting bald, but he makes up for that with an enormous pair of wiry whiskers, which stick out like hair-brushes on either side of his little face. A great scandal-monger is Jack, with something to say about everybody, an inane little chatterbox, whom nobody could think of making his enemy or of cultivating for his friend. On the other side of the table Eugene Blake, a clever, hot-headed, quick-tempered Irishman, army surgeon in a regiment of Austrian Uhlans, on leave now and staying with Arthur, whose people had always been studiously kind to him. Next to him, and concluding the party, Sir Pierce Coverdale, the best whist player at the Travellers' Club, an old diplomatist who had studied life at half the courts in Europe, and one of the knowingest hands in the world. Listen to their conversation.

"It's a regular case of fetch, by Jove! Never saw a clearer! No good denying it, Arthur, my boy, you've brought down the Donna at a long shot, and you're booked!" This from Eugene Blake, with a merry twinkle in his eye and a great slap on the table to enforce his words.

"Tremendous go!" said little Jack Harris—"tre-mendous go! Splendid creature, black eyes, raven hair, and all that sort of thing; and as for figure—" And in default of finding a proper expletive, little Jack kissed the tips of his own fingers, and waved them in the air.

"Doosid pleasant thing!" said old Sir Pierce Coverdale, smoothing his gray whiskers; "doosid pleasant thing for a young man, though it has its disadvantages! Doosid difficult to shake off! You get tired of it, she don't? Then you're bored, and she's savage; then you take up with somebody else, and she takes up with a knife or a stiletto or some horrible thing, and sticks it into you! Take care, Acton, these Southern women are the doose and nothing else!"

"Thank you, Sir Pierce," replied Arthur Acton: "I know you mean it, though there's really no occasion for your good advice. And you, you fellows, go on and chaff away as much as you like, to-night, to-morrow, and the next day. Only drop it after that, please. Miss Palliser arrives here, with her brother, on Friday, and there's no need to keep it quiet any longer—she and I are engaged, and are to be married in November. So go in for any extravagant nonsense you like about me and Mademoiselle Gonfalon up to that time, and then—drop it for good! Knowing the utter absurdity of it, I don't mind the chaff; but of course if protracted it would become serious. There's no need to say any more, is there, boys? You all understand?" They all chorused congratulations, and speedily changed the subject, not before old Sir Pierce Coverdale had muttered that he considered this a "doosid bad feature in the case."

On that night was held one of the grand bi-weekly *bals parés*, in contradiction to those free and easy assemblies, where all the best known of the guests dropped in in such toilettes as suited them. But on the night of the *bals parés* evening costume was exacted, and all the proceedings were more formal. As the evening waned, one party broke up, and with the exception of the old baronet (who went to pet himself against a favorite antagonist, a French baron of marvellous age and remarkable ear playing powers,) all strolled into the ball-rooms. Everybody was there, cynosure of everybody Mademoiselle Gonfalon, looking magnificent in her amber satin dress, covered with the richest black lace, and with pink roses gleaming in her hair. As Arthur Acton entered the room, it seemed as though by some mesmeric influence she was aware of his approach. She looked up at once toward the door and their eyes met. Hers were earnest, searching, imperious; in his was an expression half of annoyance, half of mistrust. Nevertheless, he obeyed the quick motion of the fan, imperceptible to all but him, by which she beckoned him toward her, and two minutes afterward they were whirling together to the valse then just commenced.

Eugene Blake and little Jack Harris grinned at each other, and the former remarked, in the brogue which always burst out of him whenever he was at all excited, "It's to be hoped Miss Palliser's not jealous or there'll be 'wigs upon the green' before we've done with this!"

Two hours afterward (they keep early hours at Baden) the moon, from her height in heaven, shone on Mademoiselle Gonfalon standing on the outward steps of the ball-room, with her mantilla coquettishly flung round her shoulders, and drawn over her head. "Ah, what pleasure!" she exclaimed pettishly; "the hotel is close by, the night is quite hot, and there is no need for the wraps Diego is searching for. I declare I will wait for him no longer if you'll be my escort, M. Acton. You will? Then give me your arm!" She took his arm, and waved a laughing good-night to those standing by, then tripped gayly down the steps, and until they had proceeded some little distance into the shadow of the *allée*. Then stopping suddenly, she confronted her companion, and with eyes looking full into his, said, "What is this?"

"What's what, Mademoiselle Gonfalon?"

"Ah, bah, Mademoiselle Gonfalon! You know my name, I suppose!" Then suddenly changing her tone, "Arthur, dearest Arthur, what is it to-night? You are cold as your own dreadful countrymen generally; you are distant. You valsed because I asked you, not because you wished to; you have scarcely said a dozen words the whole night—what is it?"

"It's nothing, Mademoiselle—well, then, Sebastiana—it is simply this. We have been thrown together, more or less, since we have been here, and we've been very good friends, and I trust we always shall be; but—"

"Well—but—"

"It's an awkward thing for me to say," said Acton, feeling hot all over, and stammering like a school-girl. "But, you see, it—I mean—or—it mustn't go any further."

Sebastiana looked at him for an instant, and then said, in a low, flat key, "Mustn't go any further?"

"No! Well, the truth is—it's horribly uncomfortable for a man to have to say such a thing under such circumstances; but, the truth is—I'm going to be married, you see, and my *fiancée* is coming here in a day or two, and it won't do for us to be—confound it all, I'm making a mess of it, I know I am!" And the man who had ridden coolly into the Balaclava charge, now stuttered and wiped his brow, and looked and felt horribly afraid.

"Ah! you are going to be married!" said Sebastiana, standing upright as a dart, and still looking at him, but with a very different expression in her eyes, "Voilà le mot de l'enigme! To a young English lady?"

"Yes."

"Whom you love?"

"Whom I adore!"

"And she is coming here?"

"She is; the day after to-morrow, I hope."

"I hope so too. I shall be pleased to see her. Now let us walk on, please." And without waiting for his reply, she strode on until she reached the door of her hotel, which opened, she bowed her head without offering her hand, and without uttering a word, passed through out of sight.

For two whole days and nights no one, save her Spanish waiting woman, saw Sebastiana Gonfalon. Had any eyes penetrated into the room where she was, they would have lit on a figure stretched prostrate on a bed, with tear-blurred face and hair floating wildly over the pillow, and clenched hands, now upraised passionately, now falling with maddened vehemence. Had there been ears to listen, they would have heard wild lamentations, self-accusations, curses on the man who had so enthralled her, threats of vengeance on her by whom she had been supplanted in his affections. But there was no one to hear, save Madrilena the waiting-woman, who worshipped her mistress, and did all she could to soothe and compose her. Not even Don Diego himself was allowed admission to his sister's chamber. On the morning of the third day, however, there was an arrival at the hotel. Not unexpected, evidently, for the suite of rooms had been some days in preparation, and the landlord was in attendance on the steps as the natty English travelling carriage drew up and by his side was Arthur Acton, who had been lounging about in a state of expectancy from a very early hour, and the evidence that something was going to happen had drawn together a crowd of blue blouses, wooden-saboted peasants and children, reinforced, as the carriage came up, by others who had been attracted by the cracking of the postillions' whips, and most of the hotel windows were filled with occupants. No one could be clearly seen at the windows of the *salon* occupied by Mademoiselle Gonfalon, though from a certain blurred and misty outline traceable at that one nearest the hall door, it might have been inferred that it was not untenanted. When the horses drew up at the door, a big courier, with a gold-laced band to his cap, and a huge beard on his chin, dismounted, opened the carriage door, and handed out, first, an old lady with gray hair and a bent frame, who descended with difficulty, resting on a stick, and then a tall, elegant young girl, with bright blue eyes, a clear complexion, and chestnut bands falling on either side her face. These ladies—the younger especially—were received with great *empressement* by Arthur Acton, and conducted by him into the hotel. Five minutes afterward, Don Diego Gonfalon, sipping his second glass of absinthe, and smoking his fourth after-breakfast cigar on the promenade, was summoned by his French servant, who told him that Mademoiselle, his sister, wished to speak with him at once.

He found her wrapped in a white muslin dressing-gown, and seated in a low easy chair by the window. Her luxurious black hair was hastily gathered up into a great knot at the back of her head, and there were bistre rings round her luminous black eyes. Her face was deadly pale, and her lips were colorless and rigid. Diego marked all this at one glance; then, dropping into a chair next to her, he took one of her hands in his, and gazing tenderly into her face, said,

"You are better, my sister?"

"Yes, my brother, much better within the last hour. To be quite well within a very few days, if all goes rightly, and you are true to me. She has arrived."

"Ah! ha!" and Diego drew a long breath between his teeth. "You have seen her?"

"I saw her arrive! saw her received by him! saw him conduct her into the house! I saw his fingers tighten round hers, and her hand glide into his!"

"And you still require—"

"All that I urged, and you promised. All that should be demanded of one who has slighted a Gonfalon and your sister. His ruin first, then his death!"

"Nothing less?"

"Nothing."

Don Diego shrugged his shoulders, kissed his sister's hand, and returned to his absinthe and his cigar.

There is a specially exclusive set at Baden, a *sanctum sanctorum* known as the Ladies' Club, because no gentleman is admissible to its *réunions*, save on the ballot of the lady members. It is held in one of the private rooms of the Conversation-haus, and is frequented during the evening by the ladies and their attendant cavaliers. At a late hour, when the ladies have retired, those men who have the *entrée* remain, and there many quiet games at cards are carried on, for which the ordinary public rooms would be too noisy and too exposed. It was after midnight when Arthur Acton stepped into the Ladies' Club, then emptied of its proper occupants, and given up to denizens of the male sex, some of whom were already assembled round the card-tables. Arthur was in splendid spirits; he had been the whole day with Miss Palliser, showing her the lions of the place, and she had been voted a tremendous success by every one. *Illustre* French marquises and pudgy German barons had roused themselves from their dominoes to stare after the fresh and brilliant beauty of the English girl. When she entered the gambling rooms, the croupiers were puzzled to find play for a moment suspended, as the haggard crowders of the tables left off pricking cards or covering numbers as the glorious vision passed hurriedly by. And she had been very sweet and affectionate to him, too, and altogether he was in the seventh heaven of happiness, and showed it in his brilliant eyes and flushing cheeks. He walked up to a knot of his friends, who were standing at the head of the room, and commenced chatting with them, when he felt his arm lightly touched, and, turning round, saw Diego Gonfalon.

"Your pardon, M. Acton, if I disturb you," said Diego. "I come to ask that revenge which you promised me after our écarte two nights since."

Nothing could have been more *mal à propos*. Arthur was in no humor for a cool calculating game at cards; he was overbrimming with animal spirits, longing for some outlet for his happiness. He replied, awkwardly enough,

"Eh? Écarte? To-night, do you think? I'm scarcely in the humor to-night, and—"

"Oh, if monsieur does not choose, of course it is not for me to—"

"You can't do that, Arthur!" said in English old Sir Pierce Coverdale, who was standing by; "if you won the man's money last time, you're bound to play when he asks you, however inconvenient it may be, and—"

"Well, be it so," said Arthur, with a sigh. Then, turning with a sprightly air to the Spaniard, he pointed to a vacant card-table, and said politely, "Monsieur, je vous attends!"

They were well known among the frequenters of the club, these two, as first-rate players. As they took the cards, a little crowd gathered silently round, and so soon as play commenced the bystanders began to bet. Soon there were a few murmurs in the ring. Acton was so thoroughly transported with happiness, as full of the pleasant memories of the day with his beloved, that he appeared unable to fix his attention on his cards, while his opponent was stringing every nerve to the encounter. They formed a grand contrast these two men; the one big, fair, jolly, light-hearted, and *insouciant*; the other thin, swarthy, grave, and intently watching his own hand and that of his opponent.

At three in the morning Diego Gonfalon returned to his hotel. He passed up the stairs with a light footstep; but as he neared his sister's room the door opened gently, and Sebastiana's graceful head appeared, her finger on her lip. Obedient to her signal, he followed her into her chamber.

"Well?"

"Bad! worse than bad! He played like a fool, without thinking of his cards, and he has stripped me again! He must have won three-hundred Isabellinas; his confounded luck never deserts him for an instant!"

"That is unfortunate, Diego; but it was but a part of our scheme. *The rest is to come!* Now to bed, brother; we will consult in the morning."

The next day the weather was cooler, a light breeze came playing over the Schwartzwald, and the promenade was thronged. The rumor of the beauty and grace of the newly arrived Englishwoman had spread, and, in addition to its ordinary frequenters many of those who only honored the promenade on special occasions, had come out to judge for themselves, and were constrained to admit that for once report had not been exaggerated. Arthur Acton, thoroughly observant of every look and glance, gloried in Miss Palliser's success, and watched each succeeding triumph with renewed delight. Only once his brow clouded, and that was as he passed a group of men, amongst whom were Diego Gonfalon, a certain Count Tzech, a Hungarian of unenviable reputation, and a Captain Hall, a notorious English blackleg. These men raised their hats, certainly, but with a kind of *méfiant*, air, and Miss Palliser had scarcely passed before Acton saw Diego whisper something to his friends, who at once burst into a loud guffaw. Acton flamed to the roots of his hair, but said nothing. Chancing, however, to turn round a moment afterward, he saw Diego Gonfalon mimicking Miss Palliser's walk, and the manner in which she held her dress, to the intense delight of his friends. As the Palliser party, on their return, approached the spot where the objectionable group were standing, Arthur noticed a movement among them, and he had no sooner passed than Diego and his friends left their position and followed on in the promenade immediately behind the English party. Two minutes afterward Miss Palliser stopped suddenly; some one had trodden on her dress. Acton turned hurriedly round, and fancied he saw a smile on Diego's face. The obtrusive foot had, however, been removed, and the promenade continued. Almost immediately afterward the same thing occurred. Miss Palliser's dress was speedily released, and she and the other members of her party proceeded. Acton stood still.

"You have a singular knack of awkwardness, monsieur," said he to Diego Gonfalon. "This is the second time that your stupidity has caused you to tread on the lady's dress."

"It is the lady's own fault, monsieur," replied Diego, with an insolent air; "she does not know how to hold her dress, but walks like a camel, like all Englishwomen."

Ah! Don Diego Gonfalon, if you only knew how nearly you were getting that peculiarly British blow, known as "one for yourself!"

There was a baleful fury in Arthur Acton's eyes, and a fidgety motion about the shoulder-muscles of the right arm, which looked very ugly just at that moment. However, he controlled his passion sufficiently to say,

"I have ladies with me, now, sir. So soon as I am free—"

"You will find me ready and willing, monsieur, whenever you like."

And Don Diego raised his hat, and turned on his heel.

That night Don Diego went neither to the gambling-table nor to the Ladies' Club, but sought his hotel at an early hour, and went straight to his sister's room. The door had scarcely closed behind him, when she was by his side, her eyes flashing, her hands trembling, her whole frame in a state of intense excitement.

"Well?" she asked, "is it done?"

"Yes," said Diego, sullenly, "it is done; arranged for to-morrow morning at sunrise."

"How did it happen? tell me. I am dying to know."

But Diego was cross, and indisposed to answer.

"Ah, don't worry me about details! Is it not enough for you to know that he is challenged, and accepts?"

Sebastiana's eyes flashed fire, but she controlled herself,

"Tell me one thing, then, only one. Was *she* implicated?"

"Yes; the insult was given to her."

"Good! good, Diego! You have indeed carried out all I wished. Who acts for you?"

"Cabanel."

"And for him?"

"An old English milord—Sir Coverdale."

"Sir Coverdale is his second? He lives here in the hotel, does he not?"

"He does, in the opposite rooms."

"Has he come in yet?"

"No. I left him at the Kursaal, playing trente-et-quarante. He will be there another hour yet. He is an old *militaire*, and such an affair as this does not in the least affect his usual routine."

"Good! Now get to bed; you will want rest. I will call you at daybreak. Madrilena!" And kissing her brother on the cheek, Sebastiana closed the door on him, and entered into deep converse with her waiting-woman.

At five the next morning, Ludwig Kraus, an old woodcutter, who was beginning to ply his daily occupation in the outskirts of the Black Forest, saw two carriages draw up at the turf path which he himself had cleared, leading from the unfrequented high-road into the depths of the underwood. From these carriage descended several gentlemen, two of them bore under their arms long flat cases, at sight of which the old woodcutter smiled to himself. It was by no means his first experience of such visitors, and he never saw them arrive without a certainty of pecuniary advantage to himself. Sure enough his expectations were not disappointed. One of the gentlemen saw him, turned round, and after apparently consulting with the others, beckoned to him. Ludwig advanced.

"Tired of labor, father?" said the gentleman.

"Not yet, sir," said the old man. "I only commenced at dawn, an hour since."

"You must need rest. We are going to breakfast here, and shall require water. How far is it to the nearest spring?"

"A good mile," replied the old man.

"Go and fetch a pitcher," said the gentleman, slipping a Friedrick's-d'or into his hand. "Don't hurry. You can go leisurely."

The old man pocketed the coin, laid his axe across his shoulders, and went off whistling.

The two parties had come in separate carriages, remained in separate groups, while the drivers wheeled their horses round and moved them some distance down the road. Although the gentlemen spoke among themselves, yet each kept apart from the other. Then watches were produced, and some whispering ensued. At last the gentleman who had spoke to the woodcutter advanced from his friends, and nearing the opposite party, took off his hat and saluted. No better man than he for such a meeting. Honoré de Cabanel, *chef d'escadron* of the African Chasseurs, a man who had been St. Arnaud's right hand through all the Kabyle war.

"Time flies, M. Acton," said he; "we wait your leisure."

"M. de Cabanel," replied Arthur, "I am sorry that I am the cause of the delay, however unwillingly. But Sir Pierce Coverdale, who was to be my second, has not yet made his appearance."

"No one better acquainted with the code of the duello than Sir Coverdale or more capable of conducting it in the most perfect manner!" said Cabanel, with a bow. "Something must have retarded him; he must be ill."

"I certainly cannot understand his absence," muttered Arthur, looking into the far distance.

"Will not Monsieur Acton's other friend act for him?" asked Cabanel, motioning towards a gentleman standing near.

"My other friend is a surgeon of the Austrian army, Monsieur Eugene Blake; I thought it necessary to have a surgeon on the ground, and gentlemen in that capacity cannot, I believe, act as seconds?"

"Certainly not," said Monsieur Cabanel. "Would Monsieur Acton accept the service of one of my party? Signor Lopez Guerrabella, a Spanish gentleman from Cadiz, an officer in the Queen's Guard, accompanies us to the ground, and would I am sure act for Monsieur Acton." As he spoke he indicated a slim young man wearing a Spanish cloak and a heavy slouch hat, who was standing by in conversation with Diego. There were no signs of Coverdale's advent. Acton bowed, and after a word with Blake, notified his acceptance of Cabanel's offer. Then he and Cabanel proceeded to step the ground. On their return Cabanel said,

"It is agreed, I believe, messieurs, that the combat shall be *à la barrière*—that is to say—my friend and I have measured twenty-four paces, at either end of which we will place our men. At twelve yards, the half distance, I have dropped a handkerchief as a mark. Signor Guerrabella and I will toss for first fire. Whichever principal—through his second—wins, has the right either to fire from his place, or, walking up to the mark, to call on his adversary to advance, even up to the mark itself if he chooses, and then—act as he wishes! Gentlemen, this is understood?"

Both principals bowed.

"Now, Signor Guerrabella, the toss! Ha! you have won! M. Acton, the fire is with you!"

As he spoke, Arthur Acton turned sideways toward his opponent, covering him fairly and fully with his pistol. Then, suddenly flinging up his arm, he fired into the air. A short growl issued from Blake's lips—a growl in which a near bystander might have distinguished the words, "He ought to have winged him!"

"It is your shot, sir!" said Arthur, wheeling round and confronting his adversary.

"I intend to take it!" said Diego, calmly, as he walked toward the handkerchief. "And I call on you, M. Acton, in pursuance of the terms, to advance to this mark!"

"In the name of heaven, stop this!" shrieked Eugene Blake, as, in obedience to the summons, Arthur slowly advanced. "This is sheer murder! Sir, I call on you," turning to Guerrabella, "I call on you to forbid this!"

"It is impossible to break the rule laid down!" said Guerrabella, speaking for the first time in a strange muffled voice, "unless, indeed, M. l'Anglais is afraid."

This one sentence was enough. Blake was silent, but remained horror-stricken and intent on the scene, while Arthur Acton, with pallid face, stepped straight up to the handkerchief, on the other side of which Diego was waiting. A dead, still, horrible calm reigned around. It was broken by Diego, who said, "M Acton, you deceived a Gonfalon! Your blood be on your own head." The next instant the sound of a pistol rang through the forest, and Arthur Acton, staggering for an instant, dropped heavily forward on his face. Blake sprang forward, but ere he reached his friend's side Guerrabella was on his knee beside him. Bending over the prostrate body, he lifted the slouch hat, he pushed back the concealing cloak. One word escaped the dying man, "Sebastiana!"

"Ay!" muttered Mademoiselle Gonfalon, for it was she; "I told you the character of my revenge. 'To THE DEATH!' The next instant Arthur Acton expired.

STANLEY'S EARLY LIFE.

A REMARKABLE LETTER.

Whether there is any truth in the following strange story we do not know. A few weeks will doubtless decide. If it turns out to be the real history of his life, many persons will be likely to come to the conclusion that Stanley is still the same unscrupulous adventurer, and his Livingstone story a stupendous humbug. The Philadelphia Press gives the following summary of the letter:

Remarkable as were Stanley's explorations and discoveries in Africa, the story of his life, as told by one Lewis H. Noe, who professes to have been his former friend and companion, is still more wondrous, and even more interesting, for through it runs a thread of romance of which Charles Reade might weave a dozen better novels than "Foul Play." This Noe tells his story in a communication to the New York Sun, in a plain plausible style, and with the introduction of several circumstances which, if need be, can be investigated to corroborate or disprove it.

Noe says that when a boy of fifteen, near the close of the war, he enlisted in the navy, and was assigned to the frigate Minnesota, in which he discovered Stanley acting as ship's clerk. The future discoverer of Ujiji was conspicuous for his marked ability, intelligence, and skill as a penman. Between he and Noe a familiarity at once began which soon ripened into the closest friendship. Stanley was full of aspirations for adventure, and proposed a European tour, to hasten which they deserted from the ship at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in February, 1865, making their escape by means of a pass forged by Stanley. Like all adventurers, they directed their footsteps to New York, where Stanley proposed that Noe should become a bounty-jumper. Noe refused, and Stanley sought employment in a law office.

The latter soon after fulfilled one of his adventurous aspirations, and made a tour of the Rocky Mountain region, keeping up in the meantime a correspondence with Noe, who had entered the army, and renewing his plans for foreign travel. In 1866 he returned to New York, where "his winning ways, gentlemanly bearing, and seeming attachment" to Noe, so won the enthusiasm of the latter and the confidence of his parents, that they permitted him to accompany the ex-deserter to Central Asia. Stanley professed to have abundant means, the result of his earnings in Colorado, which were to be enormously increased by trading in valuable shawls, precious stones, and rare fabrics, of the value of which the benighted Turks knew nothing. In company with a Mr. Cook, the two sailed for Smyrna, where they arrived in September, 1866. Here Noe discovered that Stanley's stores of wealth were fictitious, and that his grand expedition was to be of the smallest proportions and sorriest appearance. With a couple of wretched horses, a few cheap cooking utensils, and other things, making in all a most meagre outfit, the party started on a prolonged tour "through Asia Minor and Persia, across Central Asia, and through Thibet to the coast of India."

Stanley, who did not have $5 left after making his purchases, engaged a guide at a salary of $60 a month. The man, however, failed to fulfill his bargain, and when Noe asked Stanley what he would do when the guide demanded his pay, the latter is said to have answered, "I would tie him to a tree and blow his brains out, as I don't intend to have any man go back to Smyrna and let them know how we travel." On the second day of the journey from Smyrna, for some boyish trick of Noe's, Stanley and Cook were arrested and thrown into a guard-house, the cause of the trouble escaping to the original point of departure. The next day Stanley was released, returned for Noe, and they started off again. Mr. Noe then gives details of how the romance vanished from the enterprize; how, instead of finding himself a travelling companion, he discovered that he was a beggar and a slave—a slave of a remorseless master. He also accuses Stanley of highway robbery and attempted murder of a Turk near Chibisar, a squalid hamlet 300 miles from Smyrna; but failing in this, and knowing that his only safety lay in immediate escape, Stanley mounted one of the Turk's horses and ordered Mr. Noe to gather up the blankets and follow. The party escaped to the mountains, but were soon after surprised and captured by a party of Turks.

After torturing all three of their prisoners, the Turks carried them to Afiuom-Carra-Hissar, where they were arraigned before the Cadi. The Turks had, fortunately for the otherwise luckless adventurers, robbed them of their guns, clothing, passports, and other goods, and Stanley, turning their excess to advantage, accused them before the Cadi of being the aggressors. He invented evidence for Cook and Noe, and they, swearing to it, were released while the Turks were imprisoned. Stanley, being penniless, made a visit to Constantinople, and by a plausible story succeeded in extracting $700 in gold from our then minister, the Hon. E. Joy Morris. To do this, he represented that his father was a wealthy merchant of New York, and signed a draft upon him for the amount. It is needless to say that it was worthless. He then departed from Constantinople clandestinely, and made a visit to Wales, his native country. Noe afterwards discovered that his real name was John Rowland, and that he was a most unscrupulous and daring knave.

Mr. Noe, whose high character is testified to by his friends, argues from these facts that Stanley's visit to Africa is pretended, and that his letters from Livingstone are forgeries.

☞ Dr. McElroy, of New York, being about to marry his fourth wife, some one asked his daughter who was going to perform the ceremony. She replied: "I don't know, but I presume that it will be Dr. Spring. He generally marries father."

The Latest Swindle.—Certain sanctimonious charlatans would fain persuade the world that diffusive stimulants have no medicinal value, and that detestable slops, composed of griping acids and drastic-purgatives, are better tonics than the finest vegetable ingredients combined with the purest and mellowest products of the still. But this sort of thing won't go down. The stomach of our common sense rejects it, as the physical stomach of every man with an undepraved palate rejects, with loathing and abhorrence, the nauseous abominations, "free from alcohol," which Humbugs are trying to thrust down the throats of Temperance Invalids under the pretence that the filth will do them good? It is not likely that while PLANTATION BITTERS, the Standard Tonic of America, is anywhere accessible, such sickening frauds can make much headway, but it is as well to put the public on their guard against them.

☞ A clergyman on his way to church, one Sunday, was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. On arriving at the vestry he exclaimed, rather impatiently, "I wish I were dry." "Never mind," said his colleague, "you will soon be in the pulpit, and there you will be dry enough."

☞ "Pay your score," said a publican to a customer who was running up an account for ale. "Wait till I've had the score first; the last mug only made ten."

☞ Shakspearian reader to a thermometer—"Down, down, thou climbing sorrow!"

Means What He Says.

Though "confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ" and as numerous as the sands on the sea shore, were produced to prove that Dr. Pierce, the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, is in earnest and means what he says, when he offers $500 reward for any case of Catarrh which he can not cure, yet there would be some sceptics and fogies who would continue to shout, "*Humbug!*" "HUMBUG!" "It cannot be, because Dr. Homespun says Catarrh cannot be cured." Now, this Dr. Homespun is the identical, good-natured old fellow who honestly believes and persists in declaring that this earth is not round or spherical, but flat as a "slap jack," and does not turn over, otherwise the water would all be spilled out of Deacon Bascom's mill pond. But astronomical science has positively demonstrated and proven that Dr. Homespun is wrong in supposing this earth to be flat and stationary, and medical science is daily proving the fact that he is no less mistaken and behind the times in regard to the curability of Catarrh. In short, it has been positively proven that this world *moves* and that the medical science *is progressive*—the opinion of Dr. Homespun to the contrary notwithstanding. That Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure Catarrh, thousands who have used it attest.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 7. 1872.

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We call the attention of our readers to the change in our terms.

We are still, in our Club Rates, much below the prices of the other first-class Literary papers.

We ought, of rights, to advance our Terms *at once* to theirs, but have concluded not to do so for the present.

As to the old Terms, especially since we enlarged the paper one-third, they are not even *living prices*. They will not pay the expenses of the paper—and we wish to be able to spend next year more on THE POST, instead of less, and to get the very best matter of all kinds that can be procured.

A COMPARISON.—The first-class literary papers generally range in price from $3.00 to $4.00 (without any premium) for a single subscriber; and they club down to $2.50 and $3.33.

THE POST, which is nearly *one-third larger* than the other $3.00 literary weeklies, gives a premium now to its single $3.00 subscribers; and clubs down *now* to $2.00, with a premium to the person getting up the club.

It is simply because THE POST is an old paper, and has clung longer than it should have done to an old scale of prices, that suited the old, cheap times. No new literary paper, of the first-class, would think of putting its terms so extremely low. Of course, we exclude the large political weekly news papers from this comparison, for they are generally simply reprints of the dailies with which they are connected. While all the matter of a literary paper is prepared and set up expressly for it.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

The Blossoming of a Century Plant.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It doesn't blossom every day. Indeed this particular plant, now in bloom near Cincinnati, is the only one which ever flowered west of the Allegheny Mountains, and only five others have bloomed east of those mountains. So we all went to see it at 50 cents a head, which the same it is an outrageous price, especially as the proceeds don't go to the missionaries, or Young Men's Christian Association, or anything of that sort; and especially again as the said owner is an octogenarian millionaire.

We went to see it on the day of the destruction of the world. On that day, yea, at the very hour when Plantamour's comet was to knock the earth into flinders, and the inhabitants thereof into a cocked hat, we sallied forth. We were going to see that century plant if we died by it.

The century plant, Agave Americana, or American Aloe, isn't an aloe at all. I thought it was, until I looked into a learned book yesterday. The learned book said unscientific people always thought so. In my pursuit of useful and entertaining information, I found out from the learned book the exact difference between the Agave and the Aloe. It is something like this: The Agave is a monocotyledonous amaryllidaceæ, having a tubular perianth with six-partite limb, and a triangular inferior capsule, and its flowers have spathaceous bracts; while the Aloe "has a cylindrical perianth, nectariferous at the base, with hypogynous stamens." So you see it wouldn't do at all to call the century plant an aloe. Dear me, no! And what a boon to benighted humanity a learned book is. Only to think but for that blessed book I should have lived and died ignorant that a century plant was a monocotyledonous amaryllidaceæ! To think that its flowers had spathaceous bracts, and I didn't know it. Dear! dear!

The century plant, Agave Americana, gets its name from the Greek word *agavos*, noble, illustrious, probably from its being such a noble, illustrious plant. The blossom isn't a beauty. A disgusted member of our party declared that he would as soon look at a sunflower. So would I, as far as the beauty of the thing is concerned. A cabbage is just as pretty, every bit. But it is a wonderful-looking vegetable, and no mistake. It stands 27 feet from the ground up. It has no stem proper. The long, thick leaves, 6 feet long, some of them, start right out in a cluster at the top of the ground. There is an old gardener's tradition that the plant must be a hundred years old before it blossoms, but that story, like many and many another fine tradition, has no foundation in fact. In point of fact, it blossoms any time from eight years old to seventy-five, according to locality. It is a tropical plant by nature, and blossoms earliest in South America, while in England, I am told, it never can be made to blossom at all, owing to the cold and damp. They say there was one on the point of blooming in Philadelphia, some years ago, but it was drowned out by too much watering. How is that, Mr. Post?*

There are divers varieties of this Agave. It grows so thickly in Cuba and some other hot countries that the natives plant it in close rows and make hedges of it, impervious to any living animal. What a grand sight a hedge of century plants must be! The varieties best known among us are but two, the plain, green-leaved kind, and another, whose long leaves are green in the centre, but have a beautiful, bright yellow stripe, an inch or so in width, running along each edge of the leaf, throughout its whole length; in short, it is a gilt-edged leaf. The plant we went to see is of the plain, green-leaved kind. It is older than the present generation. Its present owner, Mr. Jacob Hoffner, has had it nearly forty years, and it came from New Orleans some years before that. What changes it has lived through in its time, this old, ever-young century plant! Forty years ago, when it first came into possession of its owner, he was young and strong, in the prime of golden manhood. Forty years have fled away like a dream of the morning, Jacob Hoffner is an aged man, with snow-white beard and hair; but the century plant is a brave young fellow still, stretching out his long, tough arms, and lifting up his gold-crowned head in all the pride and prime of a man rejoicing in his youth.

About the sixth of last May, the plant began to show signs of flowering. Before that it was only a bunch or tuft of leaves. But on the sixth of May it began to send out its flower-stalk. This is simply a tall, round, tapering, single spike, like a liberty pole. After running up twelve feet or so, it begins to throw out branches, one above another. These branches are the flower-stems, and hold the flowers in great, spreading clusters, something after the fashion of clusters of alder-blossoms. The lower branches are the longest, and blossom first. There are altogether about five thousand buds on this one single plant. It is simply tremendous-looking, and that's what it is. The single flowers are the queerest sort of contrivances. The flower-petals themselves are of a pale pea-green color. They don't open like other flowers. They only part their pale green lips just wide enough to let the stamens out. There are six of these stamens to a flower. They shoot out away ahead of the pale green flower, two inches or more, and are capped with a yellow top or anther an inch long. These long stamens with their heavy, bright yellow caps, something like the stamens of a lily, give the flowers a very singular appearance. As the stamens die away, a pistil appears in the middle, the pale green petals change into a seed-pod, and that's the end on't. One flower is as much as six inches long, from the beginning of the flower-cup to the end of the pistil. A bright-winged humming-bird came and sniffed a little among the yellow pollen while we were there, but flew away again almost immediately, as though he didn't like it. But the blossoms were covered all over with busy, softly humming bees. We lingered a little and watched them, bees making honey from a century plant. I suppose they don't do it every summer. There in the hot, brilliant sunshine, with this magnificent, towering Agave before us, and rare, bright-hued flowers and luxurious vegetation all around us, it seemed for the moment like a dream of the gorgeous tropics. But immediately we looked down at the wooden railing, where the everlasting dunce who always writes his name in public places had been at it again, and suddenly it didn't seem a bit like the gorgeous tropics.

Another tradition concerning the Agave is that it dies immediately after blossoming. There is something very fine and poetical in the idea of its putting forth all its grand strength in one tremendous effort of producing this mighty, glorious crown of flowers, and then perishing at once and forever, like an artist who paints one picture for the ages, and then dies. But unfortunately for poetry, this tradition has been exploded along with the other. The century plant does not perish after blossoming, although so greatly is it exhausted by the flowering process that it is not likely it could ever bloom but once. The flower spike and the leaves die down to the ground after the plant is done blooming, but the roots remain alive, and send out new shoots.

The Agave is a plant of almost innumerable uses. In its native home, the people make fences of it, make thread, twine, and ropes out of the coarse, very tough fibres of its leaves, and where the leaves are torn out a juice flows for a year and a half, and this juice, diluted and fermented, forms a strange, intoxicating drink. Then they dig up the roots, put them into water and make a lather, exactly as you would a bar of soap, and do their washing with 'em. I should say that was utilizing the plant from top to bottom.

I haven't space to write any more concerning the Agave, and to tell the truth that's about all I know. If you care to find out any more about it, good friend, I refer you to the learned book herein above briefly quoted from. ZIG.

*That must be a slander. No Philadelphia plant that had a century's experience would ever behave so; besides, ours was one of the "*sisters varieties*" that Zig speaks of, and therefore could not be hurt by water.—*Ed. Post.*

SUMMER SHOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Who does not love the summer showers that come to refresh mother earth when she is hot and thirsty? How gladly she drinks up the bright, glittering drops as they fall. And how fresh and pure she looks after such baptismal showers. I do not mean the rushing torrent that, heralded by the storm-fiend, sometimes deluges our land, as if the elements had combined to wash away this earthly ball, but those soft, humid rains, when the clouds gently weep in "rainy tears." How I love to listen to the musical tinkle of the rain drops on the window pane, while the low sighing of the wind among the trees plays a sad accompaniment. All Nature is refreshed and invigorated by such rains.

It has been a hot, sultry day. The cattle have sought the deepest pools and the coolest shadows. There is not a leaf stirring in the grove, vegetation is withered and seems drying up, the flowers droop languidly, the sun glows like molten brass in the heavens, and the earth seems as a furnace, when one of those summer showers comes up, and *presto*, what a change. Animate nature is alive again. The balmy air comes to us laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers, that has been distilled in nature's laboratory; the stately lily lifts up its waxen cup to be filled, the wide awake larkspurs shake their tall caps in glee, while the daisy, "wee, modest, crimson tipped flower," takes a few bright drops to its heart. The violets send out their sweetest fragrance, and the grass grows green again under the vivifying power; and dame Nature is again radiant in her robe of emerald that was fast becoming rusty for want of an ablution. BELLE BREMER.

SMALL TEMPTATIONS.—You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbors; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no great harm in this," "No great peril in that;" and so, by these little chips, we are first easily lighted up, and at last the green log is burned.—*John Newton.*

TOO BIG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST: Having been your constant reader and admirer for years, I have not failed to see two short pieces written for your excellent paper—the one wondering if there is anything more aggravating than being a "reminder"—the other thinking there is one thing more aggravating—that is being too little. But I beg them not to think they have reached the climax yet. Oh no! One thing aggravating, more aggravating, most aggravating of all is being too big. To be a few inches short of the medium height, would be to me a small trouble, for then I would avail myself of all the goodies the land affords, eat as much as possible, hold my head high, and wear high-heeled shoes.

But to be above the medium height is the worst of all, and not only to feel you are above others in height, but also in diameter, and then one is sure to be so often reminded of it.

I spend an hour in the morning arranging my toilet in the most becoming style, and pride myself that I have overcome the difficulty in a measure, when, upon sitting down to breakfast, my opposite informs me that she "really believes I have grown large over night;" of course, I force a smile—although much against my feelings, and reply, "that I am wearing the same dress that I have worn before, so my size cannot have increased to any alarming degree."

Going down town a few days since I met two lady friends whom I had not seen for some time. About the first remark was, "you are growing taller every day;" and to think she must say it just as a young gentleman was passing. Well, he was no relation of mine, only a friend, still I know I blushed to the very roots of my hair, when he said, "Good morning," and with a quiet smile passed by. I felt like relieving that lady, although I know it was unlady-like, of her false curls, and wondered within myself why it was some people are always making cutting remarks when some one is sure to hear them.

And many other remarks have been overheard by me when the speaker was not aware of my presence, such as: "she has pretty hands for one so large;" or, "she would be very pretty if she was not so tall," etc., etc. These little remarks make one feel as though they would like to live on bread and water, and "grow small by degrees and beautifully less;" but when one comes to the case in hand, dame Nature asserts her sway, and we are forced to give way and partake of the tempting viands set before us, declaring that there is no use trying to undo what she has unwisely done.

LOTTIE LANE.

WHEN?

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within thy keeping
How should I fear?
And, when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do thou thy will."

I might no sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flushed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
"It is His day."

But, if a wondrous hand from the blue, yonder,
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clue,
What should I do?

What *could* I do, oh! blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this:
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide Thee,
Or heavens serene,
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path a deepening shadow steals,
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruition,
Or a short day's.
Thou canst no come too soon; and I can wait,
If Thou come late.

THE LAST FOOTFALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

With a calmness born of the wretchedest of heart-aches, we may whisper the "good-bye!" We may clasp the warm hand, and kiss the dear lips very quietly. We are thankful for our own self control. The door clangs harshly to. Thank God! we say, this ordeal is over! There is a moment's silence. Then listen! A quick foot strikes the pavement, and each receding step seems trampling out hope and happiness from the heart. On, on, steadily they go, and now, fainter, ringing down the long street, to us like so many death knells. We strain every nerve to listen. Among the hundred footsteps clattering along the busy street we can single out the tread of those quick, firm ones. They are almost beyond hearing now. Hark! It is the *last* step dying away in the distance. Gone! and we are alone. In life and love and laughter's stead, silence! We had fettered our tears and our sorrow until now, feeling proud that we could master our emotion so well—but with the echo of that last footfall the hardly forged chain snaps asunder, and we are the slaves of sorrow, crouching, sobbing beneath the sting of her whiplash. All through the busy day, and in the quiet night time we seem to hear that eager tread. The steps seem to resolve themselves into these two words, repeated over and over—"Never again"—Never again!" Is there a moment in this life sadder than that in which we catch the sound of the last footfall? That dreary echo, telling us but too truly that hope itself has perished.

FIVE LITTLE ONLYS.

Only a stray sunbeam! yet perchance it has cheered some wretched abode, gladdened some stricken heart, or its golden light has found its way through the leafy branches of a wood, kissed the moss-covered banks where the violets grew, and shades of beauty adorn its lovely form. Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows hath it fanned, how many hearts had been cheered by its gentle touch! Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary void in the child's heart; the quivering lips and tearful eyes told how keenly he felt it. Only a smile! But ah, it cheered the broken heart; engendered a ray of hope, and cast a halo of light around the unhappy patient. Only a word of encouragement, a single word! It gives to the drooping spirit new life, and the steps pass on to victory.

FAIR PLAY;

OR,

NINA'S STRATAGEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

"What! worrying again, Meg? What good do you think it will do you to make your eyes and your nose red, and your face as spotted as—as a leopard? I am sure if George Gordon could see you now, he would think Rose Foulon more beautiful than ever!"

"Oh, hush Nina! you know I am just as miserable as I can be, and yet you delight in teasing me."

"I only do it for your good, dear. I don't believe a lost lover was ever yet brought back by crying, nor a fickle one kept by sighs, and a dismal face. Why, child, you've treated George to nothing else this six weeks!"

"It's all the fault of that spiteful little Rose Foulon! She doesn't care one bit for George, but she wants to have the satisfaction of taking him away from *me*."

"Well, let her take him then! Who cares?"

"Nina."

Nina melted at the reproachful tone, and the pale, sorrowful face lifted to her own, and bent down to comfort her little cousin.

"If you will agree," she said softly, "to be guided by me, you shall have your lover back before the month is out, for I am sure he loves you best after all."

Meg wiped away her tears, and listened to her cousin's plan, and when half an hour later, George Gordon and Rose Foulon came dashing by on horseback, they were both startled by a ringing peal of laughter from the open window where Meg and Nina sat.

"Move number one," cried Nina merrily. "He knows now that tears haven't drowned all your sweet laughter. Be brave Meg, and we will see who wins."

Nina was going home the next day, but they were closeted until midnight that night. Nina busy with her instructions, and Meg intent on not missing a word.

"Now, Meg, little pale-face, good-night," she said at length, turning down the light, and opening the door which led to her own room. "I'll wager you'll have blushes enough when next week comes."

Meg slept that night more soundly than she had slept for many a night before, waking only in time to kiss Nina good-bye as she came up stairs ready dressed for her journey.

"Oh, Nina," she faltered, "*do* you think I can do it?"

"Of course you can. Don't be a little goose now, and spoil it all. Remember Rose Foulon, and if she takes your lover, take hers."

And Nina fled, laughing, down the stairs.

For two days after that, Meg conducted herself very discreetly, never shedding a tear for her recreant lover, and smiling to herself in a very tantalizing way whenever she met the bright little Rose who had bewildered him.

Two days—and then the mystery was solved.

Rose Foulon had made up her mind to cultivate the shy-faced little Meg Dorillis, and as soon as Nina, whose sparkling eyes had always seen through all her artful coquetries, was fairly out of the way, she went to work with a will.

Morning and evening she devoted to the man she believed to be in love with her, but almost every afternoon found her on the old porch talking to Meg, who for reasons of her own did not discourage her flying visits.

A very pretty picture they made as they sat there, that pleasant August afternoon, Meg in her white dress, high at the throat and finished with a dainty lace ruffle, and a blue ribbon running in and out the gold threads of her hair; while Rose was prettier than ever in her lavender organdi, with coral pin and ear-drops, and two or three wild roses—that were not by any means natural—nestling in the braids of her dark heir.

A *very* pretty picture—and so thought the young gentleman who came slowly up the walk, staring as if he had never seen such innocent beauty before.

"Oh, Meg, do you know him? Surely he bowed to one of us! He is the handsomest man I have seen this year!"

"It is Mr.—Mr. Rogers," said Meg, blushing a delightful rosy red. "I met him last summer at Uncle Jessup's."

"Then you will introduce me, won't you?"

"Certainly," Meg replied, gravely; for she felt that the battle was about to begin.

The gentleman had already opened the gate, and was coming leisurely up the walk.

Meg rose to meet him, looking, if Rose were a rose in the garden of girls, a very lily in the sweet completeness of her face and attire.

"Your cousin, Nina Eliet, sent me here, Miss Margaret, and ordered me to put myself under your supervision. I am a sort of wandering Arab, you know, and you must teach me over again the ways of civilized life."

"I will do the best I can," she said softly, and then she turned round to introduce Miss Foulon.

Miss Foulon made him a charming bow, and hoped in her vain heart that she too might have a chance to teach him something.

But for that day at least she was obliged to leave them together, for she had promised George to go down the river with him that evening in his newly-purchased boat.

So she sauntered away in the fast-falling twilight, half wishing she had never encouraged George Gordon's attentions, and fully resolved to give him back to Meg, if she could only succeed in fascinating the handsome stranger.

A week passed quickly away and Mr. Rogers—Charlie as Meg called him—divided his attentions pretty equally between the two; and George Gordon began to think he should be left to console himself.

Then came a change—he began to devote himself to Rose more entirely scarcely noticing Meg, who still however smiled and went serenely on her way.

It was when matters had stood this way for a week or two, that George Gordon was wandering disconsolately along by Rose Foulon's garden fence one twilight, and heard a bit of conversation that rather shocked him, while at the same time it brought him to his senses.

Rose stood just inside the grape arbor, and was holding out a bunch of flowers, exquisitely arranged, to Charlie Rogers, who drew back a little without taking them.

"So you *won't* listen to my proposal," Rose said with a red flush on her cheek, and a frown on her fair brow.

"I—I find myself in an unpleasant predicament, Miss Rose. I hope you won't banish me altogether from your sweet presence; but the fact is, I am engaged to Miss Dorillis."

A bomb-shell exploding at his feet couldn't have shocked the poor fellow much more.

He knew *then* who it was he loved with all the strength of his nature!

"To think that little thing who has seemed the very essence of modesty should dare to propose to any man—much more to that Rogers! And there is my precious little Meg—I'm sure she loved me once—and by Jove I know now that I have loved *her* all the time! To think that she should be *his* wife! Oh, I *can't* stand it!"

And crushing his hat down over his eyes in a most uncomfortable manner, he rushed away toward Meg's little cottage.

Meg was standing in the porch, looking at the moon, when her lover came rushing up the walk like a storm.

The pale face flushed, and there was an anxious look in her soft eyes before he spoke.

"Meg—my own dear little Meg, how could you promise to marry any man but me?"

And he had his arm around her, and was gazing—his soul in his eyes—into the sweet uplifted face.

"I—I haven't promised to marry anybody," she said, the roses deepening in her cheeks.

And then he told her what he had heard.

"I am engaged," she returned, laughing merrily, "to go to the picnic to-morrow with Mr. Rogers, and I suppose Rose asked him to go with her. You know it's *our* picnic, and we are privileged to ask the gentlemen, I supposed," she added shyly, "that Rose would ask *you*, and so—"

"My darling! Go with him to the picnic, but promise first to *marry* nobody but me!"

* * * * *

What she promised is easy to tell *now*—for Meg and George keep house in the prettiest cottage in Glenville But it was not until after they were married that she told her husband of Nina's Stratagem.

Whether Rose Foulon ever found out that Nina Eliet and the handsome Charlie Rogers were one and the same person I do not know; but she always blushes when she hears either name.

THE HOUSE-MOTHER.

AN ANSWER TO ZEEG.

[We have received the following letter from the veritable "Old Zwanzigguldenfuss" himself, in answer to Zig's epistle of last week. We have not complied however with his request to correct the style of the article, remembering what has been said, that "the style is the man." Our German friend talks rather freely at times, but we suppose that fairness requires we should let him also have his say.—*Ed. Post.*]

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I amused a good deal was in reading last week my POST, to see, *Die Hausemutter* entitled, an article by your spicy correspondent, Zeeg. In that article, on all the German womans and their housebands, a terrific onslaught Zeeg makes, calling the womans "patient work-ox," "ignorant gossip," and "a domestic virtue run to seed." But for these things should I not mind, did not Zeeg on me myself make, and on my frau, a personal attack, calling me "*Old* Zwanzigguldenfuss, a "stiff-necked, opinionated old German," and saying she would like to be not very particularly my frau.

Well, Miss Zeeg, you and I and Mrs. Zwanzigguldenfuss, will all in that last agree. A pretty dance Old Zwanzigguldenfuss you would lead, if you his frau were, until out of your leetle head by the stern force his reasonings of, and of lager beer a good supply, he should be able such ridiculous notions to get, and of flesh a better supply perhaps on your bones.

Now, Zeeg, listen to of good old common sense a leetle. I knows of the Americans womens the class to which belongs do you. They are of speerit ver full, but of flesh and muscle ver thin and weak. Ambitious they are to do all the work of the womans in the world, and all the man's work too. And, down breaking under such a beeg load for to prevent, they drink much tea.

When to Sharon Springs I goed up last Summer with my frau, we at a Water Cure stopped, just of curiosity. After a while, to dinner the bell rang, and we in marched. About fifty womens there saw we, and men as many. Thin, and pale, and weak all were—and we the Doctor asked what them made so? He a gruff old fellow was; and it Isms was—all kinds of Isms—said he, and drinking that stuff poisoned, (poison itself, and poison-colored by the Chinese,) GREEN TEA. Soon, the waiter—a womans with to the knees only her frock, and pantalette below—a "Bloomer" it they called; but I a Bummer thought more than a Bloomer would be a suitable title—asked what to drink would have I. "Lager Beer," said I, thinking not. "Liger Beer!" the Bummer shrieked she, and back starting, caught her foot something in, and to the floor fell.

The whole table, as if I had down the Bummer knocked, up started. "Miserable man!" "German reprobate!" "Wicked guzzler!" they out cried. And the Doctor at me winked, and said he thought that better leave I had, for insulted were the whole family that I to a Cold Water house could come, and for Lager Beer call.

So to Sharon went I on, and to my friend Bangs' hotel did go. That day at dinner saw I what? Of German mens and womens a whole party, all the womens cheerful, and round, and comfortable looking—and not one with an Ism of any kind, and not without her light Rhine Wine one. Zeeg—in your pipe which you perhaps do not use—put that and it smoke.

Miss Zeeg—Mrs. Zeeg, perhaps—for poor Mr. Zeeg's sake, hopes I not of you Americans womens one big class, all the work of womans in the world you want to do—the childer bearing and nursing, the housekeeping, of the young childers the care too—and then to do the men's work, the business out-door, the voting and the fighting, you want to do also. And to all these things yourselves devoting, and at school and colleges preparing for them, what the result is? You to mind and speerit all do run. The rest proper and repose you take not. When developing in calm and harmony should the young girl be, she to death almost harrassed is, by one lesson first, then another, until of proper physical exercise and enjoyment *and idleness* deprived is she, and grows up she dose into a thin, pale, weak-backed, no-breasted, dyspeptic female conglomeration of Isms and green tea. Becomes she, in words other, the improved woman Americans; as the fraternity so-called Woman Rights—Woman *Frights* I so call them—are with all their might, by a lot of men aided, silly pumpkin-heads, striving all the womans to make.

Zeeg the German frau tame and stupid thinks, the Model-Ism-Americans womans beside. But a leetle further Zeeg look. Of all the scholars deep and patient the world over—in departments all of thought—who excels?—who the world leads? The German, is it not? And why? Because his mother from her strong frame, he the sturdy power gets which him enables to toil in the thought-fields with an ardor untiring. But of the frail, weak-bodied, nervous Ism mothers, intellectual however and brilliant—what comes? A son whose mind is his body too much for—and in the race intellectual who soon tires. Thus keeps us the German womans, even when not intellectual, the vigor intellectual of the German race. She the stock sound is on which the fine grafts grow, that the goldened clustered fruits give. Ah, Zeeg, I you have here, I thinks.

We Germans holds, that a Mother to be, demands of the vitality a share so great, that pursuits intellectual too closely followed by a womans, her functions as a Mother necessarily impair must. And when our German frau we compare these new-fanged American Ism-Women with—cheerful the ones, contenteds with their lot and sex, plump, intelligent, happy—cross the other, discontenteds with their lot and sex, thin, bristling with sharpness, and unhappy—we rather inclined to laugh are, when we the latter hear to the formers say, "Come, German sisters, and like what we are, emancipate yourselves and be. Especially your Rhine wine and Lager Beer give up—to Green Tea and Cold Water take—and as lank and shrill voiced and sharp-featured and no-breasted as are we be!"

To which say our frau:—"No, not exactly, Miss Zeeg; to emancipate ourselves out of these rosy, round bodies, and comfortable, of ours we do not care, even as yellow and nervous and intellectual as a confirmed tea drinker and Ism-Woman for to become."

And Zeeg now, by agreeing with you in one thing let me wind up. Say you, "Old Zwanziggulden fuss, mind your business. Let our free institutions alone." So says I. As this a free country is, I "go"—as politicians I hears say—for a little Freedom having in it. You it best think to educates a womans as if the good Lord what he was about in making her a womans—and from a man entirely different—did not know. Well, your own plan carrys out. Old Zwanziggulden fuss meddle with you has not, nor will not; nor your Green Tea, nerves weak, and skin yellow. You yourselfs are injuring and your race—but by example be to instruct you can do more than talking. For you thinks, as the good book say, "You the wise are, and wisdom with you shall die."

And Old Zwanziggulden fuss in turns he says—This a free country is—each ones his own business should mind—and his neighbors' doings lets alone. If Old Zwanziggulden fuss his frau chooses to have a domestic virtue, and no nervous, shrill tongued, discontented Man-Woman—the worst traits of both combinings a He-She into, and ultimately an It probably, a being masculine not, nor feminine—and if Old Zwanziggulden fuss his Rhine Wine and Lager Beer to drink chooses, as his forefathers for thousands of years done have, and "died out" not yet—no, "by a long chalk not," as would you in this country say—then him lets alone! For alls your preachings and alls your laws in spites of, he to remain intends, the end of the chapter to, OLD ZWANZIGGULDENFUSS.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

WHERE WAS "EDEN?"

About three years ago a discourse of Sir Henry Rawlinson, before the Royal Society of London, on the site of the garden of Eden, was editorially noticed in the Ledger. That distinguished Assyrian explorer asserted that he had deciphered the word "Eden," in some of the hieroglyphics or cuneiform inscriptions on the ruins of Nineveh, and that it was a name given to Babylon; whence he argued that the last named ancient city had been built on the spot where Adam and Eve resided in their state of innocence. This conclusion has not been generally received, notwithstanding the high reputation of its author. It is a matter of controversy whether the sacred narrative is to be understood literally or allegorically. The Rev. W. A. Scott, of San Francisco, in an interesting paper just published, adopts the strictly literal sense. His arguments are, perhaps, as concise an embodiment of reasoning on behalf of the literal interpretation of Scripture as could be furnished. The first of them is that Eden was the name of a country, wherein everything needful for man was produced, and that this name was descriptive of it, signifying "a land of pleasure." The second is that the Garden (or, as the Greeks called it, "Paradise") was not Eden itself, but only a portion of it. And thirdly, that this garden was eastward of the writer's location; all which appears to be clear, from the text, "And the Lord God planted a garden, eastward, in Eden." The author of the narrative, standing in Syria, would look eastward when he turned in the direction of Mesopotamia, which was the name given to the country lying between the rivers Euphrates and Tigris—and that this was the probable site of the cradle of the human race is confirmed by what follows: "And a river went out of [the country of] Eden to water the Garden [Paradise]; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads." These heads or streams are respectively named Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates in the narrative. The first of these Dr. Scott identifies with the Phasos or Halys of later times. Its source is near the head of the Euphrates, and it flows, northwesterly, seven hundred miles, into the Black Sea. The second is the Araxes, which rises ten miles from the sources of the Euphrates, and flows a thousand miles, a little north of east, into the Caspian Sea. The third, "the great river which is Hiddekel," [Daniel, x, 4.] is generally admitted to be the Tigris. And as to the fourth [Euphrates] there is no dispute about it. Now, all these four rivers have their sources in the highlands of Armenia, and, as it is stated that it was "from the garden that they parted and became four heads," it follows that the site of Paradise was that portion of Armenia in which these sources are found. Dr. Scott advances three objections to the theory that the face of the Garden of Eden was so changed by the flood as to be irrecoverably lost. In the first place, he says, it is by no means certain that Noah's flood was universal, in the strict meaning of that word, but, in arguing this, he violates his own principle of adhering to the strictly literal meaning of the text; for it is clear from the two narratives which are given in Genesis of the deluge, that it was supposed to be universal, i. e., extending all over the surface of the globe. In the second place, he mentions that the universality of the deluge is disputed by almost every geologist. And in the third place, and this is his strongest argument, it is inconsistent with the narrative written after the deluge, to say that the site of Eden is lost. The four rivers remain, and their sources can be seen in Armenia. Why should they still exist, and yet the land in which they spring have changed entirely? Ararat is there as it was in the days of Noah, before the flood. In truth, there has been no such transformation of the soil as certain theologians have asserted. Man has changed. This region lay between the Persian gulf and the Caspian sea, where now the wild Arab roams about; the cities are desolate, and the cruel despotism of the Persian and the Turk "hath dried up realms to deserts."

It must be said, however, that the word "Eden" (signifying "delights") is manifestly used in various meanings in other portions of the Scriptures; sometimes to denote a people, again to denote a country, and again as the name of a person, and finally in a number of ways inconsistent with the idea of literal interpretation.

DURING a thunderstorm in Liverpool, England, two or three weeks ago, says the London Echo, a young lady was standing in the greenhouse in her aunt's garden, when a flash of lightning came and tore away the roof of the greenhouse. The young lady fled in terror into the house, with a general impression that if she were not quite killed, she was, at least, mortally injured. Upon examination it turned out that she was scatheless, only her chignon was gone. On search being made in the garden the missing article was found, reduced to the size of a ball of worsted, its erewhile dark color prematurely changed to gray, and the concern being, generally speaking, "frizzled" beyond redemption. The change of color in the chignon is perhaps even more remarkable than the wearer's escape. Instances of a person's hair growing gray in a brief period of terror are common enough, but this is the first occasion within our knowledge of a chignon being similarly affected.

☞ The driver of an express wagon in Chicago says that he hates to run over a man, because it hurts the springs.

☞ It is said that nine of Barnum's camels and dromedaries have died of envy since they saw the humps on the backs of some of our daughters of fashion.

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BETROTHAL.

Oh, for one hour of such enchanted light
As made a fairer day-time in the sky,
When on the willow-bank we sat that night,
My old-time love and I!

Awhile we talked so low and tenderly,
We felt the listening trees above us lean;
And louder far the silence seemed to me
That fell at last between.

Her heart lay floating on its quiet thoughts,
Like water-lilies on a tranquil lake;
And love within, unknown because unsought,
Lay dreaming, half awake.

Ah, Love is lightest sleeper ever known!
A whisper, and he started plain to view;
Old as the heavens seemed our story grown,
While yet the moon was new.

And when she spoke, her answer seemed the white,
Sweetest for sweetness of the lips that told,
Settling a precious word within a smile—
A diamond ringed with gold.

Then bloomed for us the perfect century flower;
Then filled the cup and overran the brim;
And all the stars processional, that hour
Chanted a bridal hymn.

Ah, Time, all after-days may fly away,
Such joys as that them hast but once to give,
And Love is royal from his crowning day,
Though kingdomless he live.

MIDGET'S FORTUNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELIZA ARCHARD.

A child born in a lunatic asylum.

There is something unspeakably weird and horrible about the thought of it. An infant born of a crazy father and a crazy mother, coming into a world of gibbering idiots and lunatics, its baby eyes curiously following the iron gratings of a barred window, as the first earthly object which awakens its new-born sight. The thought is hideous.

Just so a child was born twenty years ago. It wasn't at Longview; it wasn't in the Southern Branch Lunatic Asylum at Dayton; and it wasn't at the new asylum which is not built yet. It was at the Physio-Medico-Philanthropico Home for the Insane, in a sea-board state. It was a very high-sounding, pretentious place. It was an institution. It was a Fatherly-Care-and-Motherly-Kindness establishment, founded, built, and set running by an eminent gentleman, (as his reports said,) "prompted solely by love of humanity." Oh, yes! The lunatic morals and manners were cared for on a prodigious scale, and refining, elevating influences surrounded these unhappy, afflicted lunes with an invisible net strong enough to catch a whale. Oh, yes! Nevertheless, a child, the daughter of two lunatics, was born there. This child was a terrible, scandalous, unheard-of child. The eminent gentleman who had founded the P-M-P-H would undoubtedly have given its neck a tender little squeeze and sent it a better world, so much did he love humanity, only for the impertinent intervention of his young assistant physician. How he did hope it would die! It would ruin the P-M-P-H to the day of eternity's horn, and after, if it should so much as cry out loud but once.

The scandalous, unwelcome little stranger did not die. She began a fight for existence from the time she was born. It being impossible, as aforesaid, for the eminent gentleman who loved humanity to smuggle her out of the world, the next thing to be done was to smuggle her out of the P-M-P-H. And here the impertinent young assistant physician stepped forward.

"I know the friends and family of the unfortunate young woman who has involved you in this embarrassment," he said calmly. "I know, as well as you, that they are the wealthiest and proudest people in Hampstead. You know, as well as I, what the consequences to you and this establishment would be if this scandal should come to their ears. I will undertake to relieve you of this child in such a manner that nobody alive other than the three persons who already know of it shall be the wiser."

"For God's sake do it then," said the eminent gentleman who loved humanity, wholly unnerved.

The assistant, a handsome young fellow, he was, with smooth, fresh cheeks and brown, curly hair, called the attendant nurse into the next room.

"Mrs. Grigg," he said, "I will get you a situation in the Foundling Hospital. I want you to go there and take this child with you, and never let her out of your arms from the time you leave here till you are there. Keep constant watch over her; take the best possible care of her, till she comes to be adopted by some family, and never lose sight of her. Call her Anna—her mother's first name. Do this, and you shall have half my earnings for the next five years."

"Give me your written promise for it," said the woman.

He wrote some lines on a bit of paper and gave it to her.

"And you," he said. "Swear to me that you will never divulge the parentage of this child until I request you to do so."

"I swear it."

She was a middle-aged woman, who had learned, as most lunatic attendants learn, to keep a quiet tongue.

So the scandalous stranger went to the Foundling Hospital. "A hard little knot," Mrs. Grigg called her, a rosy, lusty baby, with no idea of conveniently dying off anybody's hands, but determined, in spite of fate, to live and eat her way through the world with the best of them. And so she did. Mrs. Grigg named her Anna, but nobody called her Anna. From the restless, vigorous movements of her sturdy little body, from the fact that she was never still for a single moment except when she was asleep, somebody with a gift for calling names bestowed on her the pet appellation of "Midget;" then everybody called her Midget, and by and by nobody called her anything else. She grew and throve like a June hollyhock—a bright, shrewd, queer little Midget, yet a good-natured, pretty Midget, whom everybody liked.

THE ASSISTANT PHYSICIAN.

You will ask what all this was to the assistant, the handsome young fellow with smooth cheeks. You shall know. His name was Alphonso Garde Barton. He was handsome, as I told you, but rather undersized, a little man with a big heart in him, people said. The fact is worth noting, because it is not the rule for very little men to be possessed of a wide, generous, sunny nature. At any rate they are most always snappy to their wives. Dr. Alphonso Garde Barton was twenty-two years old. His mother, during his boyhood, had fondly called him "Gardie," but as he became older, and went to school, the boys changed "Gardie" to "Gruddy," and after that, around his native region, he was nobody but Gruddy Barton. He never seemed to outgrow the name somehow. Everbody liked him, but nobody thought he was any great things, like enough just because his name was Gruddy. It was a scrubby name, and there is something in a name. A rose wouldn't smell as sweet if you would call it by half a dozen other names that one might mention.

Gruddy Barton was a good fellow. He was very poor, poor *and* respectable, and because he was poor was another reason why he was nobody but Gruddy Barton. He had a widowed mother, to whom he was the best of sons. And there was a dogged perseverance and an intensity of feeling in the man's soul which nobody suspected. That was because he was nobody but Gruddy Barton. In time Gruddy Barton studied medicine, and became a starving doctor. He lived on bread and milk while he attended lectures, but even his own mother never knew it. He worked as a farm laborer to pay for his books and tuition, and sat up half the night to study, but nobody noticed him particularly, or commended him for it, because he was nobody but Gruddy Barton.

"I'll be nobody but Gruddy Barton to the end of the world," he said to himself, forlornly sometimes. The poor fellow used to half-cry to himself now and then, walking with tired feet over his lonely, discouraging way. And just about the time of his beginning the world as a starving doctor, the crowning misfortune of his ill-starred, neglected life happened. He fell desperately in love with Miss Anna Lagrange, the belle and great heiress of Hampstead, as handsome a young lady, and as vain, heartless and wicked a coquette as ever lived. One summer, for an idle freak, during a scarcity of higher admirers, she deliberately "hauled on" Gruddy Barton, and so wove about him the silken net of her fascination, so bedevilled him with her beauty and graces that the poor, honest, green young fellow no longer knew whether he stood on his heels or his head. And Anna Lagrange, and all the high and mighty Dingleakers and Lagranges, the great Gaffeys and Johnstons laughed about it till their sides ached.

"You'd never guess in the world who's in love with our Anna now," said the Lagranges to the Dingleakers, and the Dingleakers in their turn to the Gaffeys and Johnstons.

"Who? Who? Who?" chimed in the grand anvil chorus of all the Dingleakers, and Gaffeys and Johnstons.

"It's nobody but Gruddy Barton!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" chorused the Dingleakers and Gaffeys and Johnstons.

By and by the poor, simple soul was foolish enough to do what anybody but Gruddy would have known better than to do,—he ventured to speak to Miss Lagrange of the trembling little spark of hope which twinkled in his silly bosom, all ready to burst into a mighty, devouring flame at her bidding. Miss Lagrange was never so astonished in her life. She had never dreamed of such a thing. She turned up her nose, and then she turned it down again, and then she laughed in the poor fellow's face, and "just about that time," as the school-children's history says, it began dimly to dawn upon Gruddy Barton's bedazed understanding that he had been made game of by a good-for-nothing flirt. And for the first time in his life, and let us hope the last time, Gruddy Barton swore at a woman.

"Why, dash it, Miss," he exclaimed, "what do you think of yourself? You call yourself a lady! *I* call you an unprincipled, wicked creature as ever took the best part of a man's life out of him and put it under her feet. I'll not forget you for this."

Miss Lagrange reddened, and begged to be excused. Gruddy Barton excused her.

This time not only the Dingleakers the Gaffeys and the Johnstons laughed till their sides ached, but also the Mulvahinney's and the Dobsons fairly burst with merriment.

And again, "just about this time," there was a vacancy in the corps of assistant physicians at the Physio (the name is too long to write every time. We will hereafter name it by an and-so-forth. We will call it the P&c.) The eminent gentleman who loved humanity was assisted in deliberations of a purely business nature by a Board. For the assistant vacancy at the P&c. Gruddy Barton made application to this Board, by means of a letter couched in admirably sensible and modest terms. The Board read it and chewed the cud of deliberation.

"The fellow's a persnasive ass," quoth old English John Hammerhead.

"The question is this here," says old Timothy Graball. "Shell we hev an experienced man, or shell we hev a green man? Some men believes in hevin' a man who knows all about his business to do their work fur 'em, and I'm one o' them men. This here young fellow ain't nobody but Gruddy Barton."

The Board chewed the cud of deliberation again on that, and John Hammerhead read the young man's letter aloud again. Dr. Barton got the place.

The Lagranges, the Dingleakers the Gaffeys, the Johnstons, likewise the Mulvahinnys and the Dobsons held up their hands and had another grand laugh.

"Gruddy Barton! The idea!" said the Lagranges. "Gruddy Barton! the idea!" said the Dingleakers. "The Idea! Idea! Idea!" chimed in the Mulvahinnys and the Dobsons, until they Gruddy Bartoned the idea out of the world.

The young man heard of it and swore again.

"By the Lord Harry! I'll be even with 'em yet, the whole cursed set of snobs!" he said.

He went as assistant physician to the P&c. And here people did not say it was nobody but Gruddy Barton. He and his unquestionable abilities were duly respected, and he was called Dr. Barton. It was a new sensation. From that time Dr. Barton got on in the world. He worked faithfully and cheerfully, with that same old dogged persistence of his, but people appreciated him now, and friends multiplied on every hand. He became invaluable to the P&c., and never in his life again had reason to complain of neglect at the hands of anybody. But he put no more trust in the fickle tribe of womankind. They were weak, false creatures, too shallow to sustain a constant purpose of any sort, and compared with men were—

"As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

He grew very wise, and as he became popular, grew sour, cynical, and reserved in his philosophy,—he never could be so in his warm, honest heart.

And again, "just about this time," fate spun some new, sad-colored threads. This time she wove them thickly and darkly into the bright robes of Miss Anna Lagrange. The belle of Hampstead was stricken down with a typhoid fever. For months she hovered between life and death, and when at length she was able to sit up and look out upon the fair world again, it was no longer the belle of Hampstead who looked feebly out between the window-blinds. Her dark, heavy hair was almost wholly gone, the lustrous, beautiful eyes wherewith she had been wont to fascinate poor Gruddy Barton were sunken and weak, and there was not a trace of beauty or comeliness left in face or form. But this, alas! was not the worst. The terrible fever had shattered not only her body but her intellect. The belle of Hampstead was insane. It was not a raving, furious mania that possessed her, but a kind of stupid, idiotic insanity. They kept her at home for some time, then, despairing of any change for the better, the once beautiful, accomplished girl was sent to the P&c. for care and treatment. She was at no time dangerous or evil-tempered—but always mild and obedient,—very, very different from the high-spirited, wilful creature of old. Dr. Barton sighed sorrowfully as he looked at the sad wreck, but all his love for her was long since dead. She had murdered that herself. She no longer knew him, or any of her friends any more, but looked at all alike, with the same vacant, unrecognizing stare. From her being so mild and docile, she was not shut up in the wards with the rest, except at night, but was allowed the liberty of the grounds and garden. The same privilege was accorded to a few of the other inmates, both men and women, who were trusty. Dr. Barton insisted that it was better for them, bodily and mentally, to be in the open air as much as possible, and so, under the eye of an attendant, these few were allowed out. Weeks lengthened out into months, until the poor heiress had been insane well nigh a year. Dr. Barton, attending her with untiring care and patience, watched eagerly for some trace of returning intellect, but watched vainly. There was not a sign of improvement.

At the end of a year, the hideous, shocking event named at the head of this story took place. Anna Lagrange still insane, and totally unconscious, gave birth to a daughter. The horrible affair was buried, deep as the grave, from all the outer world. It is not easy to penetrate the secrets, dread secrets, sometimes, of a lunatic asylum. It is a smaller world, revolving inside of a larger one, and within the mysterious, unknown realm of the small world, things are done which the large world never finds out.

The parents of Anna Lagrange never knew what had happened to her. Anna Lagrange herself never knew it in this world.

MIDGET.

But no shadow of her weird, darkly-clouded birth hung over the rosy little girl. Anna Lagrange could not have had a fairer, brighter daughter in her sunniest days. The child was happy as a bird all day long, and merry and frisky as a squirrel, not a cloud on her strong health or sunny temper. Mrs. Grigg kept her part of the contract faithfully, Dr. Barton kept his. The child stayed at the Foundling Hospital till she was three years old. Then Mrs. Grigg left her place, set up housekeeping on her own account, and took Midget Foundling as they called the child with her. She loved the sprightly, pretty little creature dearly, and did more than her duty by her, sending her to school from the time she was old enough, and dressing her like a lady's child. And the child grew brighter and prettier every year. She was the aptest pupil in Bircben's school, and at twelve years of age was as well up in her books as a girl of fifteen. An unsatisfiable longing for the knowledge of books, of art, and of all beautiful things filled her child's soul with an enchanted dream. She always walked with her head in the clouds, Mrs. Grigg said, kindly Mrs. Grigg, who removed all the stocks and stones from her path, so that she shouldn't stumble and break her head, marching along with her little nose stuck up aloft.

But Midget Foundling had a most lofty tumble at last. When she was twelve years old, going to school every day with her child's head full of sweet, ambitious visions, good Mrs. Grigg was foolish enough to marry a homeless old widower with half a dozen unruly, unkempt children. And there was no more peace for poor Midget, or poor Mrs. Grigg either. The widower's young ones had not been in the house a week, till two of his sons had a desperate quarrel with Midget—a quarrel which came to blows, and Midget actually came off victorious over the united forces of the two junior Wigginses. Then Widower Wiggins that had been waxed wroth, and took on the airs of a husband, and drove poor Midget out of the house to seek her own living. Mrs. Grigg Wiggins cried bitterly, and Midget raved and stamped her foot, and told "Old Wiggins" she wouldn't go an inch.

But she did.

A high and mighty lady, no less a high and mighty dame than the great Mrs. Dingleaker, took Midget for a nurse girl. In point of fact, Mrs. Dingleaker was the sister of Anna Lagrange. Mrs. Dingleaker was very "highstocracy" indeed At the age of twenty-two, a blushing maiden, she had married, strictly for love, an old soap boiler, who was exactly her own age multiplied by three, immensely fat, immensely red-faced, and immensely rich. On the strength of this aristocratic connection, Mrs. Dingleaker flourished as the figure 10 of upper tendom. Being in high society in America is being in a wonderful circle. There is nothing like it. We take off our hats to American aristocracy.

So Midget went home with the high and mighty Dingleaker, stayed twenty-four hours, and ran away back to Mrs. Grigg Wiggins, walking every step of the ten miles without stopping. Post-haste after her came the Dingleakers.

"I'll never go back, Aunty Grigg," cried Midget, stamping her foot. "I won't do it, I've set my foot down!"

But she did.

"Make up your mind to it, dear," said Aunty Grigg. "Make up your mind to it. Set your teeth together, and go through it. That's the way to take every disagreeable thing in this world. Some good will come of it; mark you that."

And it did.

But it was a long time coming. Midget set her teeth together and "went through it." She was active, strong and willing, the best "girl" the great Dingleakers ever had. But there was a misfortune. She was ten times as pretty as the Dingleaker daughter, and when she was sent out with Miss Arabella to carry her packages for her, she was more than once called Miss Dingleaker. It was too much. She was kept in the rear regions at last, and never allowed out. She peeped into Miss Arabella's school-books once or twice. Madame Dingleaker gave her a scorching reprimand. Midget turned up her nose.

"Fudge!" she said, "I finished *them* two years ago."

She begged to be allowed to study of evenings. Mrs. Dingleaker refused. It always made the lower classes discontented to be educated, she said. Midget turned up her nose again.

"But I will do it in spite of you, madam," she said. "I will do it in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil!"

"Stop your swearing, this moment," said Madame Dingleaker, sternly.

Aunty Grigg smuggled books and tallow dips to her on the sly, and she smuggled time to use them. Matters went on till she was sixteen. Midget was pretty, witty and merry. A widower brother-in-law of Mrs. Dingleaker, Uncle Tom by name, saw her three times, caught her mopping the back-steps, and asked her to marry him. Midget ran into the parlor to Mrs. Dingleaker, shaking with laughter.

"O Mrs. Dingleaker! what *do* you think?" she ejaculated, between catches of laughing. "I shall surely—bust!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" screamed Mrs. Dingleaker, holding up her hands. "Such language!"

"I do think I shall surely bust," continued Midget, unheeding the holy horror of madame. "Old Uncle Tom wants to marry me!"

Madame dropped her eyes at once.

"The old fool!" she remarked emphatically.

And madame gave silly old Uncle Tom a large slice of her mind when she caught him alone. But nothing daunted, Uncle Tom returned to the charge the very next time he found Midget scrubbing the back steps, arguing that a pretty girl's no generally meant yes.

"I'm going to be an old maid," returned Midget, shortly.

"Anything on earth but a forlorn old spinster!" said Uncle Tom.

"Anything on earth but a forlorn old widower!" retorted Midget. "But the saddest feature about being an old maid, is, when she arrives along between the thirties and forties, to begin to be considered the lawful game of every shabby, tobacco-chewing old widower who is too stingy to hire a housekeeper. It's downright degrading!"

"Humph!" remarked the widower, smiling a very wry smile.

"Uncle Tom Dingleaker! you can just pack up and go off with the rest of 'em around the lakes. When I'm married, it won't be to a man old enough to be my father. You can set that down."

"Bravo! Miss Midget," said a new voice. It was Dr. Barton who stood there in the hall, smiling a very broad smile under his brown moustache.

Midget twirled her mop till the drops of dirty water flew off in a shower.

"The family are all gone for a summer tour around the lakes," she said. "There's nobody left but cook and me."

"And what do you do here by yourself all the time?"

"I do my work—and when that is done, I study history; and when I am tired of everything—sometimes I sit and think what new dresses I would get if I could go a tour around the lakes too."

"You study history, sometimes, do you? Did Mrs. Dingleaker put you up to that?"

"Not she! She never—said boo to a goose about it. I got it out of my own head, I think,—maybe remembered it from the good old times when I hoped to be something else than Madame Dingleaker's scrub-girl."

She dashed a tear from her black eyes at that, and scrubbed away savagely, as though she somehow had a spite at that mop and those dusty step. Dr. Barton stopped her.

"Why child," he said gravely, "I have been very much to blame. Would you really like to give up your life here, and go to school?"

"Like it!" Midget gave the mop a vicious kick, and it went whirling down the steps. "Dr. Barton—did you ever dream of walking down the aisle of a grand church full of grand people, in your bare feet, with hardly any clothing on you, and all the grand people staring at you? That is how I've felt for four years, here among these people. Oh!" she went on, passionately, clasping her slender brown hands, "I used to see such glorious things ahead of me in this world—music, poetry, pictures, science, all that a grand, rich, full life may see and know. I could not learn fast enough. The world was full of treasures for me then, the sky was full, the very air was full of a sweet mysterious music! And what is left to me of it all now? This!" She went down the steps, and mournfully picked up the old mop.

"Good God!" said the doctor, quickly. "You shall have it all back again, my poor Midget, every bit."

The doctor came two or three times a week after that. He heard her history lessons, brought her books of poetry, read to her of afternoons, sometimes—and took her to a picture-gallery once.

The Dingleakers came back in course of time, too. The cook, greatly scandalized, reported the strange goings-on of Midget. Mrs. Dingleaker summoned the girl to a hearing.

"I say you've been trying to attract the attention of Dr. Alphonso, have you? The cook says so."

"It's a lie!" retorted Midget, angrily.

"And you'll be trying to marry him next, I dare say. You always had notions in your head above your proper sphere," went on madame. "I'd like to know how you came by them, for my part."

"I wouldn't marry your old Dr. Alphonso if he was a prince, and made of gold I don't admire doctors or snobs, ma'am. Especially snobs, ma'am."

A change had come over the aristocratic spirit of the Lagranges, and the Dingleakers, the Gaffeys, and the Johnstons, and even the Mulvahinnys, and the Dobsons, in the last sixteen years. Sixteen years changes the mind of many a Gaffey and many a Dobson in this world. Dr. Alphonso Garde Barton was no longer nobody. He was among the most important somebodies in Hampstead. He began his career at the Insane Asylum. After that he went to Europe for several years, working like a beaver all the while, and learning more in one year, with that simple, plodding, earnest way of his, than many another student learns in five. Then he joined a scientific exploring expedition, and wandered half over the world, still working prodigiously, filling his clear, eager brain with untold treasures, useful and ornamental. He came home, a brown, handsome, robust man, already favorably known in scientific circles at home and abroad. He published a college text-book, which was absolute perfection; he wrote a few essays for magazines—one essay of which had more logic and learning in it than ten ordinary scientific articles have. Then he reached that lofty acme which next to being President, is now-a-days the *ne plus ultra* of the ambition of every American boy and girl—he became a lecturer. (Don't say I made a ridiculous blunder in the above sentence. I didn't. That's what I meant.) And he became as famous as his gentle heart and child-like modesty would let him. Then suddenly all Hampstead, even up to the very last puny, white-headed, scrofulous fop of a dandy Dobson, got it through its skull that Dr. Barton was somebody to be proud of, to lionize, to honeysuckle, to make much of. The Dingleakers and the Lagranges loved him enough to eat him. In these days Madame Dingleaker had a lovely daughter, two years older than poor Midget, who sat at the feet of Dr. Barton, and with a sweet and child-like innocence that was touching to behold, made believe to study geology.

All this time Dr. Barton had totally forgotten poor Midget. To be sure he knew of her existence, knew that she had lived with Aunty Grigg until that good soul was so unhappy as to marry a worthless husband, also that she was now living out as the servant of her own aunt. He had even seen her a few times at Mrs. Dingleaker's, and had noticed her rare beauty. But beyond that he had not thought of her, or considered himself in any way responsible for her. His heart smote him bitterly now, though, remembering his own forlorn, neglected childhood and youth.

"Look at me now!" he said to himself, "going on here like a selfish brute as I am, thinking only of myself, and my own petty interests, frittering away whole hours with those snobs of Dingleakers, who wouldn't have wiped their shoes on me twenty years ago, and that poor child, with the beauty and the wit of a whole meeting-house full of Dingleakers, is pining to death in the Dingleaker back-kitchen. I never felt so mean in my whole life."

And he said to Mrs. Dingleaker:

"That Midget of yours is a beauty and a genius. Why don't you educate her?"

Madame Dingleaker rolled her eyes as she had seen Westvali do in The Forsaken. Then she rolled them down again.

"Why, Dr. Alphonso!" she said, in a voice of surprised honey. She always called him Alphonso, sometimes "dear Alphonso." "We are such old, old friends, you know," was what she did it for, you know.

"There isn't the equal of her in Hampstead—with perhaps one or two exceptions," he added, artfully. "It'll be a reproach to everybody who knows her if she isn't educated in a manner worthy of her wonderful abilities. In fact, I'm going to do it myself."

A flash of intense mortification and anger flitted momentarily across Mrs. Dingleaker's face. She passed her lace and cambric handkerchief lightly over her countenance, and when she removed the bit of lace, her face was fair and sweet and cool as a plate of ice-cream.

"My dear Alphonso," she said in her buttery tones, "it will give me great pleasure to assist you in such a benevolent undertaking. Genius is not confined to rank or place. Wonderfully gifted persons sometimes spring from the very lowest classes. And when *your* judgment pronounces a servant beautiful and gifted, I know that there can be no mistake, and it will be a privilege to me to aid your generous work."

"I'm an allopath, ma'am, and never swallow sugar pills," said the doctor, grimly.

The gladdest, thankfullest, lightest heart in Hampstead that night was the heart of poor Midget Foundling. And the next day she went away to school, to dream out and to work out the happy dreams of her childhood.

MIDGET'S MOTHER.

Let us go back sixteen years. Let us go back to the Physico-Medico-Philanthropico Home of the Insane, founded and carried on by an eminent gentleman prompted solely by love of humanity. In short, let us go back to the unfortunate Anna Lagrange. Very happily she recovered her health and her mind after the birth of Midget. The brightness came back to her eye, the pink bloom to her cheek. Gradually her step took on its olden lightness, her temper its old capriciousness, and one morning when Dr. Barton went his round of the wards, she recognized him; and one morning, a month after that, a carriage came and took her away, and still a little later than that the belle of Hampstead resumed her old place, beautiful, charming as ever. None outside of her own family circle knew that she had been in an insane asylum. A convenient white or black lie, just as one chooses, informed inquiring friends that she was spending the summer in a very retired place among the mountains to restore her health. So Anna Lagrange took up her sceptre again. In process of time she attained the goal of her aspirations, and married one of those enviable gentlemen whom we ridiculous Americans, from being so sick and crazy after titles of nobility and that trash, are fond of calling "merchant princes." Princes, forsooth! We are a pack of fools. Rich folks better get some manners and culture along with their money before they go to calling themselves "princes."

Anna Lagrange made the tour of Europe with her "prince," who ate with his knife, picked his teeth with his fork, spat tobacco over the floors and walls of grand picture galleries, and thought St. Peter's itself was "no great shakes." They met the lady's old lover, Alphonso Barton, in Switzerland. Anna Lagrange Shafer was as sweet and gracious as fair lady could be, and sighed, as well she might, when she saw the discarded lover, his handsome face lighted with intellect and rare culture, standing beside her rich, puffy, vulgar husband, who estimated every object in earth, heaven, or the other place, only by its dollar and cent "wuth." She and her prince saw the young man often in Switzerland, in Berlin, and again in Rome. The prince's fair wife was always sweet and gracious to the discarded lover; the discarded lover was always his fine, true, manly self. The dollar and cent princess went home to America by and by, conscious away down in her secret heart that she had committed the grand mistake of a lifetime. She was more conscious than ever of her grand mistake when a few years later Dr. Barton, the distinguished author and savant, civilization's true gentleman, came home to Hampstead. How in her heart of hearts she despised that dollar and cent prince of hers, "wuth" half a million, but an ignorant donkey who put her to shame continually. And she did not take pains to hide her contempt always, which conduct the donkey resented by braying wrathfully, so that this dollar and cent prince and princess did not uniformly live as happily as a husband and wife are supposed to live.

But the prince died by and by, and very good-natured of him it was to do so. And when he willed his whole half-million to his wife, manly virtue could no further go. The princess built him a costly tomb, draped her elegant form in the deadest black mourning, and wept for him out of one eye, while she threw bewitching glances at Dr. Barton out of the other. When her year of mourning was ended, she opened her whole mighty battery of fascination upon him. Dr. Barton (what a constant delight a polished gentleman is!) was deferential, polite and gentle always, exactly as he was to the princess's grandmother. But as for anything more his washerwoman, to whom he was also polite and deferential, might as well have tried her fascinations on him. The charm had vanished. The doctor believed still that woman was an inferior sort of being, whose nature was too weak even to tell the truth at all times. The brightest of lovely black eyes, the enchantingest of half-mournings were no more to his eye or his fancy than the bricks of the sidewalk. Truth to tell, he had something else to think of now. The beautiful widow read the story of her failure in every line of his passive face. She could have cried with rage and disappointment, only that it never improved a pretty woman's looks to cry. The doctor saw it all and growled a little to himself.

She turned her lovely black eyes elsewhere, and they were lovely black eyes too, shooting silvery arrows straight through susceptible masculine hearts. There is no telling what mischief she might not have done. It is perfectly safe to prophesy that she would not have remained a lonely widow forever, only that, when Midget was about seventeen, the poor woman's life was suddenly ended by a dreadful railway accident. She only lived a few hours after it, having been thrown down an embankment with such violence as to cause fatal internal bruises.

I have mostly spoken of her in a heartless way, because she was mostly a heartless woman. She might have lived and died one of the happiest of womankind, only that she herself willed it otherwise.

They gave her a grand funeral, no finer one could have been put together. They were all there, every blessed one of them, the Dingleakers, the Gaffeys, the Johnstons, the Mulvahinnys and the Dobsons. They recounted in a subdued whisper, of the kind proper to funerals, dear Anna's virtues, her excellencies, likewise, in a little lower tone, her moneys. They wore mourning.. "The water stood in their eyes," as Bunyan hath it. But I don't know whether it would have stood very deep or not, only for her half million. It is a question I have no means of answering. Only I know that in her life-time Anna Lagrange had not been one of the lovablest of women.

Dr. Barton was at the funeral. The respected firm of Nodd & Smyle, lawyers, were present also, like carrion crows, scenting a repast afar off. Next day after the funeral, all the heirs, uncles, aunts, second cousins, and great-grandmothers assembled at dear Anna's late residence. They were met together, in a quiet way, to take possession of the late widow's possessions. Nodd & Smyle were there too, and Mr. Nodd smiled, and Mr. Smyle nodded.

MIDGET'S FORTUNE.

There was no will, and dear Anna's Dingleakers and Gaffeys had nothing to do but to gobble a half million. So they thought, and so it seemed. Madame Dingleaker already saw, in her mind's eye, her beloved Arabella wearing Aunt Anna's diamonds, possibly captivating Dr. Barton with them.

Just as the last greedy, expectant Gaffey had been seated in the luxurious parlor, Dr. Barton came up the stone steps. His face was paler than usual, and he gnawed his long brown moustache nervously. He was evidently much agitated, something very unusual for the cool-nerved doctor. What was coming? Something, as every Gaffey and Dingleaker suddenly felt in his bones. Dr. Barton requested to see Mrs. Dingleaker, and two or three of the oldest, nearest relatives of the late Mrs. Shafer in private. They arose and passed into the library. Dr. Barton seemed intensely agitated, but he calmed himself, and in a grave, musical voice, said:

"My friends, there is one heir of Mrs. Shafer whom I do not see here among you. Indeed, I have reason to believe that the existence of that heir has hitherto been unknown to you. And yet I positively and solemnly declare to you that Mrs. Shafer left an heir who is more nearly related to her than any here present, and whose claims, therefore, I am sorry to inform you, take precedence of all yours. That heir, as I give you my word of honor, is—"

"Who? Who?" screamed the Dingleakers and Gaffeys.

"*Her daughter!*"

They sprang to their feet with a howl.

"It's a lie!"

"My friends," said the doctor coolly, as the others grew excited, "it is *not* a lie. If the person lives to whom I ever told a lie in my life, that person may come here and tell me I utter a falsehood now. But it is the truth. There was one event, a very scandalous, terrible event, the world would call it, in the life of the late Mrs. Shafer. During the year in which she was an inmate of the Insane Asylum, a lamentable circumstance occurred, which could hardly have been foreseen or prevented. Mrs. Shafer gave birth to a daughter, the child of one of the lunatic men in the asylum. The birth and subsequent history of the child can be proved by three living witnesses. After Mrs. Shafer recovered her reason, she never remembered her babe, and I could not pain and humiliate her by telling her the shameful story. But, for reasons of my own, I have kept track of that child from its birth to this day. What reasons? do you ask? I confess at first to have been actuated by no other motive than a desire for revenge on—on persons who had mistreated me. But I have lived long enough to be ashamed of that motive years ago, and I can truly say that there was no feeling in my heart but a kindly one toward our friend who is gone. And now? Now, as God is my witness, I have no other motive than a wish to see justice done to a most worthy and well-nigh friendless girl—"

"Whoever the huzzy is," broke in Mrs. Dingleaker, screwing up her mouth like the cork of a ginger-pop bottle, "she shall never touch one cent of the property."

"That she shan't, she shan't!" echoed all the Gaffeys, and old Uncle Dobson.

"I beg all your pardons," said the doctor, cheerfully, "but she shall touch it, every penny of it, and you cannot help it. Refuse it, and the matter goes before the courts, where you will be worsted beyond hope. Moreover, such a scandal as was never known in Hampstead will be made public. I think, for the sake of her daughter, Mrs. Dingleaker would hardly like that story brought to light, even for an infinitesimal chance of gaining half a million dollars.

"Where is she? Where is the wretch who has defrauded us of our rights?" screamed Mrs. Dingleaker.

"Where is the wretch!" echoed the Gaffeys and Uncle Dobson.

Dr. Barton opened the door of a little ante-room, and spoke to some one. A graceful, exquisitely lovely girl stepped forward, unmistakably the image of Anna Lagrange in her beautiful girlhood, but with a noble, intellectual expression in her face which Anna Lagrange never had in her best days. A howl of rage and incredulity burst from the lips of those in the room, and with the howl a name was hissed out—

"MIDGET!"

Mrs. Mary Jane Dingleaker fell back in hysterics, and kicked over her venerable Aunt Gaffey, who in turn tore off her wig and threw it at Dr. Barton, and then fell to choking violently.

"I envy nate the gal ain't of age, and will have to have a guardian," snorted old Uncle Dobson.

"She has a right to choose her own guardian," answered the doctor, with a pale face and set teeth.

Midget, the one calm, self-possessed soul in the room, laid her hand on his arm, and raised her dark, grateful eyes to his.

"I choose Dr. Barton, the only friend I have," she said.

Next morning among the local news of the Hampstead Times was this item:—

"ROMANTIC WILL.—The late lamented Mrs. Anna L. Shafer, whose shocking death it was our painful duty to chronicle, a short time since, disposed of a portion of her large property in a somewhat unusual, and indeed romantic way, leaving a share of it to a young servant girl who has for some years resided in the family of Mrs. Shafer's sister, Mrs. Shannon Dingleaker. The honest girl to whom this good fortune has fallen, is, we are assured, well worthy of it, being far superior to the average of her class, and the late Mrs. Shafer was strongly attached to her, both on account of her beauty and merit, and also on account of a real or fancied personal resemblance of the girl to herself."

That was Madame Dingleaker's way of letting herself down easily, and to this day that is all the people of Hampstead know about how Midget came by her fortune. Midget has realized the golden visions of her childhood. Art, literature, science, and all things true and beautiful, have poured out their treasures at her feet; she gathers them in day by day, and is happy. But—no story is satisfactorily ended without a wedding. That may be laid down as a fixed principle in story writing. In course of time Midget was duly married. Can you guess who the husband was? Yes—you are right.

Dr. Barton superintended his beautiful ward's education as carefully as if he had been her own father. He visited her often at school, and in the long, bright vacations they rode together, read together, sang together, and Midget had a glorious voice—and played chess together. And while the doctor watched his ward, her eyes drooping over the chess board, her little white hand resting against her whiter brow, her dark, curling hair floating over her shoulders, somehow queerish feelings began to stir in a long unused part of the learned doctor's anatomy. And once he said to her in a half-vexed way:

"Midget, my dear, I have always meant to be a father to you ever since you adopted me. And I've done my duty by you like a—grandfather, haven't I? It would be all very well to call you my daughter if you were about five years of age, but the idea of having a great, tall, grown daughter like yourself is too much. It makes a fellow feel so fearfully old."

"I'm sure no father could have been half so kind to me as you have," said Midget, gratefully.

"And much thanks I'll ever get for it," answered the doctor, gloomily. "By and by when I get old, and blind and lame, and deaf and ill-natured, you'll be married to some selfish young fellow, and off to the other side of the world, and I'll be left to tumble into the grave alone, as best I may. I have no human being on earth but you, little Midget."

Tears sprang into Midget's eyes. She bowed her forehead on the doctor's hand.

"Dear guardian, I'll never leave you," she said softly.

Matters went on till Midget was twenty, beautiful, gifted and good, and the doctor was forty-two, not so very old, you see, but very old he seemed to himself when he thought of Midget. For the manly, brown-bearded doctor idolized Midget, not as his daughter or his ward, but as the one woman of all the world whom he would choose for his wife. He came in one day and sat down at the window opposite Midget. Very beautiful she was, sitting there in her white dress, with geranium leaves in her dark hair. The doctor sighed to himself, and felt very old indeed.

"Midget," he said, "I'm going away to South America with an exploring party, to be gone two years, maybe longer."

"Is this a sudden resolve, dear guardian?"

"It is—not sudden, my child. I've felt for a long time, Midget, that I was but a tiresome, dull old fellow, and that I would—rather go away for a while."

Midget turned her head away and looked silently out the window.

"What are you thinking, my child?"

"I am thinking how very, very much I shall miss the dear hand which has smoothed all the wrinkles out of my life."

"Would you like to go with me, Midget?"

She brightened joyfully.

"Oh! above all things!" she answered, turning toward him. Then suddenly a deep blush dyed her face, and she turned away instantly again. The doctor watched her nervously.

"Midget, I have two offers of marriage for you. One is from a handsome, rich young gentleman, of unexceptional mind, morals and manners. If you like him well enough, I should advise you by all means to accept him."

"His name?"

"Charles Lanborn."

She curled her pretty nose in disdain. "Marry that—boy, Doctor Barton? Why, I'm at least forty years older than he is."

"He's twenty-five and a half," said the doctor.

She shook her head. "Who is the other one?" she asked.

"He's neither rich, handsome nor young, but a crabbed, dull old fellow, whom I shouldn't recommend as a husband under any circumstances."

"I think I should like him," said Midget. "What's his name?"

"He is an old lover of your beautiful mother, Midget. She rejected him more than twenty years ago, and that made him an old bachelor, mistrustful of all womankind. He had a lonely, discouraging childhood and youth, like your own, Midget, with no friendly hand to help him up a little. But he worked on patiently and quietly, quite alone, until by and by he helped himself up. The world looked very different to him then. He stood where he could reach out his own hand to other poor, tired workers, and give them a lift up the tiresome road. If he has not done it when he could—may heaven punish him for it! About this time he saw you, four years ago, or more, and became interested in you then, first because you were so friendless and neglected, so like what he had been himself, then next just because of your own beloved self, so clear, pure and beautiful, even then. Your lovely mother was a widow at that time, and it is no vanity or breach of honor now to say that she would willingly have married the old bachelor whom she refused in her youth. But the charm had vanished. I think the old bachelor must have loved you even then, Midget, dear. At any rate, I know now that the love of his youth for your beautiful mother was but a pale shadow compared to the mighty, passionate, enduring love for you, which has taken hold of him now in the days of his old-bachelorhood."

She leaned her forehead on the window-sill, so that the dark curls covered her face entirely.

"You have not told me his name," she said, almost in a whisper.

He parted the dark hair from off her sweet face with his two hands.

"Look up, darling, and say that the lonely old bachelor may tell you his name."

She hid her face against his breast.

"Would you like to go to Brazil with me, *my wife?*" he said.

"Oh! above all things," she answered, lifting up her head merrily, but blushing again.

"Didn't you tell Uncle Tom Dingleaker that you would never marry a man old enough to be your father?"

"Dr. Barton," answered Midget, "I've noticed all my life that just as sure as I set my foot down I won't do a thing, that is exactly the thing which, in the course of time, I find myself doing. It never fails."

For their wedding trip they went to South America, among the huge snakes, and parrots, and ant-eaters and chattering monkeys. Then they came back, and lived happily in a beautiful home forever after. Mrs. Dingleaker calls Midget "Mrs. Alphonso" to her friends, and is very proud to be regarded as a friend to the doctor's wife, to whom she is exceedingly gracious, especially since her own daughter Arabella has lately drawn a grand prize in the matrimonial lottery.

An old man lives with Midget and the doctor, a white-headed, harmless, gentle old man. He is a lunatic, but so mild, useful, and lovable, that he is much pleasanter to live with than many folks who are in their right senses. People say that the doctor became so much attached to him in the Lunatic Asylum, that now, when he has a wife and home of his own, he has brought the old man away from the asylum, and will keep him to the end of his days. He is a German.

The white-headed, gentle old man, with the dark, dreamy eyes, is Mrs. Dr. Barton's father.

Finer, gentler blood than comes from the Lagrange race, flows in the veins of Midget. She inherits all her fine artistic tastes and talents from this old man. He was an unfortunate exile of "'48," a gifted, cultured, brave gentleman in his own land, a nobleman who was so unhappy as to take the wrong side. Aye, but the wrong side of "'48" will be the right side, in some coming day, not so very far off either. The affection of the gentle, graceful old man for Midget, is inexpressibly touching. He always calls her "Antonia," and believes she is his sister whom he left behind years ago in the Fatherland.

And now you know the true story of Midget's Fortune.

☞ Iowa has a five-legged mule, and its owner did not know what the fifth foot was for until the other day, when he attempted to tighten up the breeching before going down hill. The doctors who patched him up said they never saw three prettier line shots in all their army experience. The mule can stand on his two fore feet and kick with all three of his hind feet; and to see him when he is in motion reminds the spectator of a buzz saw.

☞ A sad story is told in Paris apropos of the death of Mlle. Charton. She made her *debut* on the Paris boards when only twenty years of age—a fine-looking girl, with a fine voice and dramatic talent. In an altercation with her lover, occasioned by his jealousy, he threw a bottle of aquafortis in her face, which so disfigured it that she never again appeared in public. Just before her death, Mlle. Charton received the sum of 100 francs from the Government to relieve her necessities.

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY RETT WINWOOD.

Honoria Vance stood there silently a moment, then she said, "Here you have it—Victor Raynham is a married man."

"A married man?" Dora echoed, her mind utterly refusing to accept those words as serious.

"I said so. And I am his wife!"

Victor leaped up like a dead man galvanized into life. "It is false!" he shrieked.

"It is true," said Honoria, calmly. "And here is my proof."

She produced a folded paper from her bosom, deliberately spread it open, and held it out to Dora.

The poor girl trembled and hesitated; but at last took the paper and glanced over it. She grew deadly pale as she did so, and leaned against a tree to save herself from falling.

"What is it?" asked Victor in a wild whisper.

She shrank away from him as if his touch would have been contamination; but suffered the paper to flutter to his feet.

He picked it up. It was a marriage certificate in which his name and Honoria Vance's filled up the blanks.

He stared at it as if petrified. Surprise, passion and terror could all be clearly seen struggling in his face. At last he caught his breath sharply.

"That paper is a base forgery," he said, and flung it from him.

Honoria sought for it, and restored it to its old place in the bosom of her dress. "It seems valueless to you, sir," she said, with cutting scorn. "But I would not part with it for a fortune."

"It is a forgery," he repeated. "Dora, come away with me. That woman is mad. For some purpose or other, I know not what, she is plotting my ruin."

Dora hesitated, and seemed to struggle with herself. It was terrible to see the doubt, agony and fear written on her expressive countenance.

At last she raised her burning eyes and fixed them on Honoria. "What have *you* to say?" she cried. "Now that I have heard so much, I will not go away without hearing your side of the story from beginning to end."

"I have nothing more to tell," was answered in a tone of ill-concealed triumph. "If you are a true woman it is quite enough for you to know that Victor Raynham is my husband, and can never be yours."

The shot told. "It is enough, madam. I am not so lost to a sense of honor that I could set myself up for the rival of a married woman."

With that she was turning away with the inbred pride and dignity of a lady, when Victor put out his trembling hand and detained her.

"Do not go, my darling," he pleaded. "This woman is an impostor. She is nothing to me. Don't be deceived by a few plausible speeches prepared beforehand to compass my ruin."

She looked at him sternly and angrily.

"What object has this lady to gain in your ruin, Mr. Raynham? Answer me that."

He groaned, and said:

"Alas, I do not know. There's some mystery here. Wait, for God's sake, wait before pronouncing judgment upon me, until I can do something to bring the truth to light."

"Oh, you villain!" she cried out in a passion of anger and wounded love. "You do not even pretend that this lady is a stranger!"

"No."

"Then why should I wait for you to conjure up a new tissue of falsehoods? Just heaven! I was trying to love and trust you in spite of everything, like the poor foolish creature I am. But my eyes are open at last. I believe you are baser than I ever thought you."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

Those last words of Dora's were like a blow to Victor. They shut him off from all sympathy. They killed the last weak hope that was struggling in his breast.

"Lost! Undone!" was all he could say.

Those exclamations, instead of working upon the tenderer feelings of the girl's heart, as they must have done under other circumstances, seemed to deepen the fiery indignation that was burning within her.

"You have only yourself to blame for what has happened," she cried. "You've played the part of a coward and a miscreant, from first to last. There is no truth in you. I said once that I would never doubt you again. I was a blind fool, and not responsible for my own speeches. Now, I say I will never trust you again. Oh, Victor, Victor, you have broken my heart!"

She had been growing more and more hysterical all through her little speech. At its close she broke down utterly, and the bitter tears of shame and anguish trickled through her fingers.

Honoria stood by, perfectly passive and unmoved. Not so with Victor. His poor lip quivered at the sight of her misery. He forgot her scorn, her words of anger and reproach, and tottering forward, threw his arms round her neck, and mingled his tears with hers.

Dora was powerless to repulse him. Indeed, she was scarcely conscious of what he was doing, until Honoria's cold, jeering tones broke sharply upon her ears.

"I suppose you both imagine this scene to be highly diverting to myself. But it isn't. I never appreciated the lachrymose. Besides, it isn't just the thing to look on and see your own husband crying like a baby with his arms round another woman's neck."

These cutting words brought the lovers to their senses. They sprung apart, and Dora flushed crimson with mortification.

"I deserve the taunt, madam," she said, humbly. "I forgot myself for a moment, but you shall see no further signs of weakness from me."

"Humph. I put it to yourself if I was not justified by circumstances in speaking as I did?"

"I have already intimated that you were."

"It's a lie!" Victor broke out, loudly and angrily. "Honoria Vance—Honoria Peyton—whichever you may be pleased to call yourself—you have no right to come between me and the woman I love. You know that you have no right. You are *not* my wife. That certificate is a forgery, and you a base impostor."

"So you have said before," she returned, coolly.

"And I intend to repeat it."

Her lip curled in haughty disdain.

"Do so," she sneered. "Much good will denial do you. The proofs happen to be of a sort that cannot be disputed."

"What are they?"

"Leaving that bit of paper out of the question, they are the parson who married us and the witness who was present on the occasion."

Victor hung his head. The confident tone in which she spoke did not escape his observation. It was not a tone she would have dared to make use of unless pretty sure of her position.

"I see you have laid your trap well," he groaned, "Perhaps you will do me the favor to tell me *why* you wish to pass yourself off as my wife?"

She shrugged her shoulders, disdaining to reply.

"If it is money you want, name your price, and it shall be paid, and you will be spared the sin of blasting the lives of two innocent persons who never did you harm."

She smiled at that, and said, quickly:

"Pray, listen, Miss Desmond. He is trying to buy me off."

The poor girl was unable to repress a moan. It did look as Honoria had said, as if Victor was trying to bribe her to keep silent.

"In his next breath," the siren added, "I presume he will deny having known me and loved me while he was taking his college course at Longdown."

There was a brief silence, during which Victor seemed to be struggling with himself.

"No, I shall not deny having known you at Longdown," he said, at last. "It is also true that I flirted with you more than a little. But you never struck a spark of true love into life in my bosom, and never could."

Honoria winced, but said nothing.

"I never loved but one woman," he went on, fixing a reproachful look upon Dora; "and if she scorns my heart's best affections, they will never be transferred to another."

"All very fine," sneered Honoria. "But you ought to remember that such speeches are gall and wormwood to me. I can't bear them—indeed, indeed I cannot."

Her face was pale now, and she spoke wildly. Evidently that interview had not passed without bringing its weight of anguish to her as well as to the others.

Of a sudden fresh footsteps sounded in the walk. The three looked at each other in silent expectancy. There was a brief delay, and then Vincent Raynham confronted them, turning a sudden bend that brought him directly upon them.

He seemed surprised, and a little taken aback. Only for a moment, however. Then he held out his hand to Honoria, and said, pleasantly:

"Well met. I'm delighted to see you in my mother's grounds."

Dora stepped forward. "Tell me," she said, hastily, "if you know this lady? Tell me, if you can, her name?"

"I do know her, and her name is Honoria Vance."

Dora looked at him sharply and distrustfully. There was a latent hope, as well as latent suspicion shining in her lovely eyes.

"You did not tell me that when we first saw her in these very grounds, the day of your return from your southern tour."

"No." He smiled brightly and unconcernedly as he made answer. "Do you intend to call me to account? Very good. I can easily explain everything to your satisfaction beyond a doubt."

"I would like to hear your explanation."

"Good. You shall have it in two words. I know Miss Vance but slightly, as she will tell you. When I first saw her in these grounds, I did not recognize her—at least fully. And when you called her name Peyton, I was thrown completely in the dark."

"Peyton was my mother's maiden name," put in Honoria. "I chose to assume it for various reasons when I came to Lotus Lodge."

Dora had scarcely heard her. She was still regarding Vincent somewhat distrustfully.

"You seemed to know Miss Vance readily enough just now."

"Oh, to be sure. I had the pleasure of meeting with her only a few days since. And then I learned the error into which I had fallen."

He smiled again as he spoke. But Honoria shivered from head to foot as if a cold blast of air had blown over her.

A brief silence fell. Dora stood nervously clasping and unclasping her hands. She found it very hard to go on with what she had to say.

"May I ask," she resumed, presently, "where you made Miss Vance's acquaintance?"

"Certainly. It was at Longdown while Victor and I were in college. Victor was very intimate with her at the time—eh, my brother?"

He playfully tapped Victor on the shoulder. The young man moved away from him with a half-suppressed groan.

Then, for the first time, Vincent seemed to observe that something was wrong.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "What are you all looking so glum about?"

Nobody answered him directly. Then Honoria produced the certificate, and said shortly:

"Read that. It tells its own story. I claim to be your brother's wife. He denies my claim. But I am determined to push it, and never to give it up. I've been neglected, and left to care for myself quite long enough."

Vincent looked surprised and shocked. "Is this true, Victor?" he faltered at last. "Have you been so foolish as this woman would make you out?"

"No!" cried Victor, sharply. "As heaven hears me, no! She is trying to impose on you, as she imposed on poor Dora. I never married her, and never even dreamed of committing such folly. That certificate is a forgery."

"It seems to be genuine."

"It is genuine," exclaimed Honoria.

Vincent stared from one to the other with the blanched and ghastly face of a man who has received a terrible shock.

"Who am I to believe?" he said, faintly. "Who has told me the truth?"

Victor strode up to him almost fiercely. "Did I ever tell you a lie?" he demanded.

"No, no."

"Then I shall not begin by telling you one now. You have no right to doubt me. Drive that shameless creature away. Tell her to her face that you know how false and vile she is! Tell her that she only came here to ruin us all, and bring shame and misery upon us all."

"Hush, Victor."

"I will not hush while she remains to contaminate the air my precious Dora breathes. Drive her away, Vincent, oh, drive her away."

This was spoken with the force of real innocence or the force of sheer despair. But, alas, it is so difficult to judge between the two sometimes.

"You have insulted me, sir," cried Honoria, vindictively. "And you shall pay dearly for it."

As for Vincent, he stood helplessly wringing his hands, manifestly incapable for the moment of saying or doing anything to end that wretched scene.

"Oh, my poor brother," he moaned at last. "Oh, my poor Dora!"

He went up to the girl, and took her cold hand in his and softly caressed it. "This is a bitter blow," he whispered. "But do try to be comforted. Try to bear up, or I shall lose all heart myself. The blow falls heavier on you than on anybody else, and I can only think of you and your sufferings. Oh, do try to bear up under it."

She looked up at him with burning eyes. "You think that woman's story is true?" she murmured, faintly. "You think she is his wife?"

"How can I tell?" he broke out sharply.

Then his mood softened in an instant. "Don't ask me to take sides against my brother," he pleaded. "I can't do it—I can't do it—even for you, Dora."

CHAPTER XXII.

RETROGRADE INVESTIGATION.

The poor girl seemed instantly to comprehend why he was reluctant to speak more plainly.

"Take me away," she entreated, clinging tightly to Vincent's arm. "I do not need to hear another word. *You* are the only person here in whom I can feel a particle of confidence. Oh, take me away!"

"I will take you away," he said, soothingly, and threw his arm round her waist, for she was scarcely able to support herself, and led her into the path.

A groan burst from Victor when he saw this movement, and that she did not once look back to the spot where he was left standing.

"Have you no word for me, Dora?" he called after her.

She neither turned her head nor answered him.

"Faster," she cried, impatiently to Vincent, "faster! I should die if we were to linger much longer near those two. Oh, the misery and shame of being made to suffer by them!"

There was infinite contempt in her tone, and infinite hatred of herself that she should be weak enough to betray her agony to others.

"Faster!" she cried again, and hurried onward so rapidly that Vincent found it difficult to keep pace with her.

"Oh, how hard I tried to trust him! how hard I tried to believe he was good and honest and true in spite of everything!" she moaned, once or twice. "But I shall never believe in anybody or anything again."

"Poor, poor Dora!"

And this was all the young man could say to comfort her, though his face was whiter than her own, and his lips colorless and quivering.

She was calmer by the time they reached the house. "Your mother must not know of this," she said, stopping Vincent on the steps. "She has trouble enough already. Don't add to the burden that she has to bear."

"No, we will keep it from her, if we can."

"It will not surprise her very much to know that I have broken off my engagement with Victor. I can readily account to her for having done so."

She was thinking of what had transpired that night at Hook Dock. Mrs. Raynham could easily be led to believe that pride alone had caused her to break with Victor.

"Then it is really all over between you and my wretched brother?" said Vincent, sadly.

"All over between us?" she repeated. "Of course it is. Do you think I am capable of coquetting with a married man?"

"No. But Victor denies the marriage."

"You saw the certificate, and so did I."

"It may be a forgery, as he declares it to be."

"I know better," she cried, indignantly. "Would any woman in her senses stand up before us and declare she is his wife unless she is really what she claims to be? No, no, no."

Vincent hid his face in his hands and was silent for some seconds. But he shook from head to foot with anguish he could not wholly conceal.

"Since there is a doubt in this matter, you ought to give Victor the full benefit of it," he said at last.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Please bear in mind that you have only Honoria's word and that certificate, against my brother's solemn assertions. Is it not possible that he may be in the right?"

Dora started, and a faint, a very faint, glow of hope broke over her lovely face.

"Yes," she said, "it is possible; and I owe it to him, more than to myself, to put the matter to the test."

"I will help you, Dora."

She warmly wrung his hand. "You are truer to me than a brother," she exclaimed. "I wish I could repay your kindness as it deserves."

He looked at her eagerly and whispered:

"You might, Dora. One little word from your lips, and I should envy no man who walks this earth. I should—"

She put up her hand to stop him. "Let us talk of Victor," she said, coldly and with dignity, for it hurt her sorely that he should begin love-making at such a moment. "Tell me how I am to test this matter."

"I observed that the certificate was dated from Longdown. You must send some faithful messenger thither to make inquiries."

"I will go myself."

"*You?* My dear young lady—"

"Not a word," she interrupted. "Do you think I shall trust this business in the hands of a third person? No, no."

"If you go to Longdown I shall go with you."

"You may."

"When will you set out?"

"Within the hour."

"No," he remonstrated, "it is too late to make the journey to-day. But I will be at your service in the morning."

She lifted her eyes to his face in gentle entreaty, but he remained firm; and, woman-like, she submitted, though it cost her a pang to do so.

She saw no more of either Vincent or Victor, during the remainder of that day. But, early in the evening, the former sent up a note to her room, informing her that a train left the station for Longdown at six o'clock, and he would be at her service at that hour.

She returned word that she would be ready.

Six o'clock of the next morning, therefore, found the young couple seated in the train that was to bear them to Longdown on their most singular mission.

They reached their destination early in the day. But, as they stepped from the train, Vincent's heart seemed to fail him of a sudden.

"Oh, I can't go on, I can't go on," he cried, with a pitiful look at Dora. "I am weaker than I thought, or perhaps I love Victor better than I know. This journey may result badly, and then it will always seem as if I had been guilty of treachery to my poor brother."

He looked so pale and distressed that Dora's heart melted with pity.

"You shouldn't have come with me," she said. "And you shall not go a step further. Just tell me what I ought to do, and then you can remain quietly at the station here, until I have made the necessary inquiries."

He demurred at first, but ended by yielding to her entreaties.

"It seems so cowardly for me to remain behind, and leave you to face alone whatever discoveries you are destined to make."

"It is *not* cowardly," she insisted, gently. "I had no right to permit you to come at all. So now give me my instructions, and let me go at once.

"In the first place, the clergyman who married them ought to be found."

"I do not even know his name," she cried, helplessly. "I felt so frightened and distressed at the time that I did not give it a second thought."

"I was more observant, and remember it perfectly," said Vincent. "The name is Erasmus Jones; and the year 1864. If you will wait here, Dora, I will go to make inquiries if there is such a clergyman now living in the town.

She readily consented to wait, and Vincent hurried away. After the lapse of ten or fifteen minutes he came back again.

"There is such a clergyman," he announced. "And I have procured a carriage to take you to his house."

Dora felt her hear sink like lead in her bosom, but she bore up bravely. Giving her arm to Vincent, she asked him to conduct her at once to the carriage.

"I will accompany you, if you insist upon it," he whispered, when he had seated her upon the cushions.

"No; I prefer to go alone. Farewell until I return again."

She dropped her veil over her face, and the carriage rolled off.

After the lapse of some fifteen or twenty minutes, it drew up before a cottage-house, with a neatly kept lawn surrounding it. The driver dismounted, and flung back the door.

"This is Mr. Jones's residence, madam."

Dora got out, and after having instructed him to wait for her, ascended the steps, and rang the bell.

A maid servant answered the summons. "Yes, Mr. Jones was at home. Would the lady walk in?"

She nodded assent, and followed the servant into a small apartment fitted up as a library, where a pleasant-looking man of about fifty sat writing at a desk.

Dora's heart was beating loudly, but she felt at her ease with this gentleman at once. The delicate nature of her errand was not likely to render the interview half so embarrassing as she had imagined it would.

"Sit down, miss," he said, gently waiving her to a chair.

She took a seat near his own, with her back to the window. "I will not detain you many minutes, sir," she began, tremulously. "But the fact is, I have some inquiries to make concerning a matter of which you may know something, and which intimately concerns the peace of mind of some who are very dear to me."

She choked at the last, and almost broke down. The Reverend Mr. Jones seemed not a little surprised, but he said kindly—

"Anything I can do for you, my dear young lady, will be done very willingly."

"Pardon me for coming directly to the point, sir. Are the names Victor Raynham and Honoria Vance familiar to you?"

Mr. Jones did not answer at once, but sat absently beating his forehead with his hand. "I am sure I have heard them," he replied, at last. "But I cannot recall the parties."

Dora gave a great gulp, and so choked back the emotion that might otherwise have mastered her.

"You do not remember having solemnized a marriage between them in 1864?"

"I may have done so. I can easily tell, as I always keep a private record of my own."

He rose, as he spoke, and from an upper shelf took down a ponderous volume, whose dingy binding bore the marks of frequent use. Turning back to the records for the year 1864, his finger ran swiftly over the well-filled pages.

Dora watched him breathlessly. In fact, she almost ceased to breathe, in the agony and suspense of the moment. At last that merciless finger paused in the middle of a page, and the book was pushed toward her.

A deadly fear throbbed at her heart. A film gathered before her eyes, but, through it all, she read, as if they had been written in fire, the two names she dreaded to see, and a date, September 10th.

There was a marginal note of some sort, but she could not see to read it. A deathly faintness came over her, and she was compelled to cling to her chair for support.

"You are ill," cried Mr. Jones in alarm. "I will call my wife."

"It is not necessary, I shall be better directly."

A glass of water stood on a table near her. She drank it eagerly, and soon succeeded in conquering the faintness that had beset her.

"You are very kind," she murmured, "and I thank you."

Mr. Jones eyed her compassionately. "I'm afraid this visit has not resulted as you hoped it might, my dear young lady. Can I do anything further for you?"

She hesitated a moment, and then said, pointing to the entry that contained Victor's name associated with that of Honoria Vance:

"I presume you could not describe either of the parties named here?"

"Not accurately, though I remember them very well, now that my attention has been called to the affair. They were both very young, I remember, and very handsome. They came to me in the evening. I had some misgivings about performing the ceremony, for I feared that something might be wrong, they were in such haste, and insisted that the marriage should be kept a secret for a few months. But the license was correct enough, and I had no good excuse for refusing."

"You cannot describe the bridegroom?" persisted Dora.

"No further than that he was extremely good looking, as I said before, and had, I think, brown hair and brown or hazel eyes, very clear and straightforward in their expression."

She thanked him again, rose wearily, and entered the cab, and was driven back to the station.

She found Vincent pacing the platform impatiently; but he came quickly forward the instant he caught sight of her, and looked into her face in mute questioning.

"Let us go home," she said, in a slow, listless way. "I have seen Mr. Jones, and I do not need to see anybody else. What a wretched, wicked world this is, Vincent; I wish I was out of it."

He had no need to ask the result of her mission. Her hopeless face told him all he could wish to know.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

We think a little sketch of this celebrated traveller will be acceptable to our readers just now.

Dr David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, about 1817. His parents were poor, and he was compelled at an early age to work in a cotton mill, picking up scanty knowledge in the intervals of sleep and labor. As he advanced in years he began studying to become a missionary, and after passing through courses of theology and of medicine he was, in 1840, sent as a missionary to Port Natal, in South Africa. He labored long and faithfully among the natives, and travelled extensively through the unexplored wilds of those regions. During sixteen years he had marched over 11,000 miles. While in Africa he married a Miss Moffatt, the daughter of a fellow-missionary, who accompanied him on his travels, until her untimely death, from fever, at Shupanga, in 1862.

Dr. Livingstone returned to England, in 1856, and published his first book. "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa." He visited Africa a second time, in March, 1858, when he undertook the Zambezi Expedition, discovering Lake Nyassa. On this expedition he lost and buried his wife. In 1863, Dr. Livingstone returned to England, and published his second volume of travels, entitled "An Expedition to the Zambezi and its Tributaries." He visited Africa for a third time, in 1866, and started up the Rovuma river. He was heard from occasionally, up to 1867, when the false news of his murder was brought to Zanzibar, by a deserter from the expedition. Nothing further of Livingstone's whereabouts was learned until March, 1869, when he was heard from at Ujiji. A long silence of two years then ensued, when the New York Herald Exploring Expedition, under Mr. Henry M. Stanley, was sent out, and resulted in the discovery of the great African Explorer.

☞ Lady traveller to hackman at Central depot—"Are you engaged?" Hackman—"Why, Lord bless you, madame! I've been married these twenty years."

☞ A boy in Newton, Ky., was recently fatally injured by the explosion of a firecracker which some practical joker had put in his cigarette.

☞ A lady in Elizabeth, N. J., 105 years old, hearing an Irish piper play an air of her youth, came out upon the street and danced the measure through.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Stanley is gray from the effects of 23 fevers instead of his 28 years.

☞ Gen. Tom Thumb has a new yachting suit. Almost a yard of flannel was used in making it.

☞ A Kentucky horse is in the habit of eating what few ducks he finds in the watering trough.

☞ Lillian Edgerton is at work on a lecture on female dress—from Fig-leaves to "Dolly Vardens." It is a good subject, and has the merit of a striking title, certainly.

☞ A lady, writing from Congress Hall, says: "One of the most distinctive and peculiar features of the season at Saratoga is the frightful prevalence every year of old bachelors."

☞ A young man who boards for a living, says he found a song in the butter the other morning. When asked the title of the song, he said it was "Only a Woman's Hair.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ Chicago has a dog which unties horses hitched to posts, then jumps into the buggy and barks until the thing starts.

☞ "I don't miss my church so much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness, "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bell begins to chime, and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got anything new."

☞ A Chicago reporter announces that "the receipt of another ship-load of blackberries from St. Jo, yesterday, created a perceptible ripple in the toothpick trade."

☞ Elias Williams, of Buffalo, Missouri, blew into the muzzle of his gun to see if it was loaded. Could Mr. Williams communicate with his friends in this world, his spirit would gently whisper, "it was."

☞ A clergyman in Carlinville, Ill., who recently stated that the ladies of that city had no more grace than a superannuated cow, has found it convenient to take a long vacation until the storm blows over.

☞ A paper recently alluded to a man as a "battle-scared veteran." The compositor was so agitated when the editor made him correct it, that he changed it to "bottle-scarred veteran." And still the veteran in question was not satisfied.

☞ The editor of a Hartford (Conn.) paper, wrote, "white pique costumes are now popular," which the compositor put, "white pine coffins are not poplar."

☞ The lowering of the English pitch to the French standard at Covent Garden during the last opera season did not create any such tremendous excitement as was anticipated from the heated discussion which preceded the attempt. The French standard is one-quarter of a tone lower than the English, which has been in use in this country. The French pitch was used by Strakosch in the Nilsson campaign, all the instruments being lowered to the proper tone, much to the relief of those singers who had been accustomed to it alone.

☞ One year at West Point, when the cadets were required to render a laconic excuse in writing for breach of discipline, the commanding officer received the following: "Commander Corps: Sir: Gun fired—gal jumped, I laughed. Respectfully, James Mason."

☞ London Fun speaks of the "Governor of Belfast, in Maine, U. S." That's funny indeed.

☞ It is said of the French ladies, that their fondness for effect runs to such excess, that widows who have lost their husbands, practice attitudes of despair before a looking-glass.

☞ The Coliseum building in Boston, is already beginning to show signs of decay. The floor has warped and the roof leaks.

☞ Notices of seventeen applications for divorces appeared in one day's issue of the Providence (R. I.,) Journal, lately.

☞ The latest suicide was that of a Wisconsin girl who could not induce her hair to curl. She had heard her lover say he doted on curly hair.

☞ An Iowa man traded his wife for a shuck mattress and a bottle of mucilage.

☞ Among the ridiculous bets of the campaign, is one made by two men in Salt Lake City, in which the loser agrees to wear a Chinese suit of clothes for ninety days.

☞ A late decision in the Chicago courts gives a verdict in favor of a lawyer who lost his library by fire after his policy of insurance had expired. No notice had been given by the company of the expiration, and the court decided that such notice was imperative.

☞ The most remarkable appetites we have heard of for a long time, are those attributed to certain Persian women, seven of whom were lately condemned by the Grand Vizier to be starved to death for the offence of having dined on three children. At the end of one week's incarceration we are told five of these hungry females were found dead, after having eaten the other two! People who can consume, say fifty pounds of meat a piece in a single week, and still perish of inanition, are certainly phenomenal feeders.

☞ Muzzlin makes a dog safe, while muslin makes a young lady very dangerous; still, in hot weather they both want muzzlin!

☞ At the funeral of a woman, recently, a sympathetic and admiring neighbor volunteered the information that "for patient resignation the corpse could dance all around any woman living."

☞ "I am willing to split hairs with my opponent all day if he insists upon it," said a very distinguished lawyer in a speech at the bar. "Split that, then," said the opponent, pulling a coarse specimen from his own head. "May it please the court, I did not say bristles."

☞ Maine husbands come a cruel dodge on their faithful, if too talkative wives. One tells his wife that he is going to Assanuquatansogowmongotongo fishing, and in his absence has his friends call at the house and inquire his whereabouts. When he returns the poor woman is exhausted, and doesn't speak again for a month.—*St. Louis Globe.*

☞ A reporter, in depicting a wreck at sea, says, "that not less than thirteen unfortunates bit the dust."

☞ One of our merchants was troubled all day with something in his boots, and, on drawing off that article in the evening, discovered his wife's Sunday hat in the toe of it. It nearly spoiled the hat.

☞ The Denver Tribune has found a pleasant variation for an oft-repeated announcement. It says: "All communications intended for publication in this journal should be authenticated by the signature of the writer's nearest relations, when any exist; in other cases the autograph of the resident physician of the asylum where the writer tarries will be quite sufficient."

☞ An erudite New Orleans man advertises that he is about to "oppen" a school at $1 "pur" week.

☞ "Lame!" sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with chloroform morbus. There is no blessin' like that of health, particularly when you are ill."

☞ Greediness is its own reward. Some workmen at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, lately found an old pocket-book containing $100,000 in antiquated bills, which was probably secreted by some miserly wretch years ago, and in a general scramble for the plunder tore the pocket-book and its contents all to pieces.

A Modern Cinderella.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLARE VERNON.

"Oh, girls! there is going to be a new sensation at our fair," said Kate Foster, as she seated herself in a large rocking-chair in Mr. Nugent's parlor.

"What is it?" said Susie and Annabel Nugent, both in the same breath.

"Guess," said Kate.

"Oh, we can't! Do tell us, you provoking girl!" exclaimed Susie, impatiently.

"Oh, yes, Kate dear, won't you? Please tell without any more coaxing," said the gentler Annabel.

"Well," said roguish Kate, "if you will restrain your curiosity a moment, you shall be gratified. There is to be a beautiful pair of velvet slippers, which every unmarried lady is to have the exquisite pleasure of trying on."

"Well, is that all? Hum! That's 'Much ado about nothing,' I think," was saucy Susie's comment; while Annabel asked, "What number are they?"

"That is not to be disclosed until after the trial has been made. But I haven't told you the most exciting part. The lady who is able to wear them will win them; and, in addition to all this, she that hath ears to hear, let her hear, a diamond ring, valued at one hundred dollars, will be presented to her."

"Who makes this magnificent offer?" inquired Annabel.

"A gentleman from New York, or Philadelphia, I can't remember which. What numbers do you wear, girls?"

"Why I wear two's, and Annabel two's and a half," said Susie.

Ethelmer Nugent now sauntered in. He was the brother of Annabel and Susie.

"Well, girls, are you all candidates for the ring and slippers?" he asked.

"Oh, you've heard about it, Ethelmer Nugent! Why didn't you tell us?" exclaimed Susie.

"Because I didn't consider you had a ghost of a chance," he replied, as he commenced thrumming a tune on the piano.

"Why, Ethelmer, Susie's foot is the smallest one in this neighborhood. One of the smallest, I mean. I wear the same number. Why did you think she would have no chance?" asked Kate Foster.

"Because Minnie Ross's foot is a size smaller," answered Ethelmer, commencing to play.

"Minnie Ross, the seamstress?" asked Annabel, while Susie shut the door between the sitting-room and the parlor with a slam, and said:

"Come, Ethelmer, stop playing that hideous tune, and tell us how you know."

"How I know?" said young Nugent, turning round on the piano-stool, and facing his sister. "Because—

> "There's magic in a lady's foot,
> And well the ladies know it,
> And she who has a pretty one,
> Is pretty sure to show it."

Isn't that pretty good logic, to be contained in poetry? But to answer your question. I asked Miss Ross point-blank, and she told me number one's. She's in the sitting-room, sewing, now, don't you think, Miss Foster? and these girls never saying a word to her. What do you say to an introduction?"

"Thank you, but I must be going," said Miss Foster, rising in a confused manner, "for I've some shopping to do before I return home."

"Wait, Kate, and Annabel and I will go with you," said Susie. Ethelmer Nugent turned his back to them and finished playing the tune he had begun, when Susie interrupted him, as before-mentioned, and then arose as if to leave the room.

"Going with us, Ethelmer?" asked Susie.

"No; I don't wish to detain Miss Foster since she is in so much haste, for I would have to furbish up a little, and her time is so precious," so saying he closed the door after him.

"The saucy fellow!" cried Kate.

"Don't mind him, Katie, he always is just so. Thinks we should have our seamstress on an equality with ourselves," said Annabel, as they went out on their shopping expedition, which had been hastened by Ethelmer's proposition.

Minnie Ross, sewing in the sitting-room of the Nugent mansion, had heard all the conversation, until Susie Nugent so abruptly closed the door.

Minnie was a beautiful, brown-eyed, glossy-haired damsel. Slight and perfectly formed.

She was thinking, this was the substance of her thoughts: "What a splendid thing for me it will be if I can win the prize! I have a smaller foot than Kate Foster and Susie Nugent, and she said they had the smallest ones of any person around. Well, I will make the trial."

Minnie Ross had not always been a seamstress. Five years previous to the time we first make her acquaintance she was a beloved and cherished daughter, her every want supplied, and every whim humored. She was also, although but fifteen, betrothed to a young gentleman of wealth and position.

But, alas! such are the reverses of fortune. On her sixteenth birthday she was awakened early in the morning by a servant, who informed her that she had found her father asleep in his arm-chair in the library, and that she could not waken him. Minnie in wild affright rushed down to the library, and there the dreadful truth flashed upon her, she uttered a cry of anguish, exclaiming, "Papa! papa!" and fell in a swoon at her father's feet. Her screams brought the servants in haste to the room. Dr. Ross was dead, and all that remained for his mourning household to do was to comfort the bereaved daughter.

After the funeral Minnie was informed by the administrators of her father's estate that, after the creditors had received the sums due them, she would be left penniless.

The shock of her father's death, and the loss of the luxuries she had been accustomed to, changed Minnie from a laughing, thoughtless girl into a thoughtful, sensible woman. She penned a note to her lover releasing him from his engagement; and, bidding him—as she believed and trusted—but a transient farewell, she left the scenes of her childhood's home and association, after leaving her address with one of her old intimate friends, a girl a few years older than herself, to be given to any who should inquire for her. She then came to the village of S——, and became the village seamstress. She had been thus engaged for the last four years. The gracefulness for which she had been distinguished in prosperity had not deserted her in adversity. The reason why she so ardently longed to obtain the diamond ring was that by its sale she hoped to realize something that would enable her to prosecute a scheme she had long had in view. She had sacrificed, at her father's death, all her ornaments and costly clothing, and this is why she was so much excited and interested in trying to win the prize.

The eventful day came at last. Kate Foster, Annabel and Susie Nugent were loud in their expressions of grief, for they each and all failed of winning the coveted prize. Minnie Ross was the fortunate one, and the slippers and the handsome diamond ring were awarded to her.

Five more years have rolled away, and we are invited to attend a *soiree*, given in honor of a distinguished literary character. We reach the mansion, it is standing in the shadow of giant trees, and is brilliantly illuminated.

On the balcony we behold a magnificent woman in the full bloom of maturity. She is the literary character before-mentioned. She remains standing in a listless attitude, gazing out into the gloom. A hand is laid lightly, caressingly on her shoulder, and a gay voice whispers—

"Come, and be introduced to the handsomest gentleman here to-night."

"What are handsome men to me?" is the laughing reply. "A maiden of twenty-five need not expect adulation, when sweet sixteen, and charming eighteen, are dispensing their smiles. I tell you Annie I did away with sentiment years ago."

"Did you ever love?" was then asked, and seeing an expression of pain overspread the countenance of the fair authoress, she added hastily: "Forgive my rudeness and thoughtlessness, won't you, Minnie, dear?"

"Yes, I will forgive, and at the same time answer your question. Yes, Annie, I loved, as some women love. My love was placed upon one unworthy. One who proved to be a summer friend. There will not, cannot be any illumination of dead ashes."

Her friend was silent for a moment, and then said—

"Well, come, I am the hostess, and you the celebrity, so we must return," so saying Annie took her friend's arm and they entered the house. The throng of "fair ladies and brave men" parted as by one consent, when she, who was to be the queen of the occasion, was presented to their expectant gaze.

"What a beautiful face!" "What splendid eyes!" "What a charming expression!" "What perfect hands, and what tiny feet!" were some of the thoughts expressed and unexpressed of the gentlemen.

While the ladies exclaimed and ejaculated vehemently—

"How superbly dressed!" "Is not that overskirt lovely?" "Do you suppose that lace is real point?" "I wonder how old she is. How tasteful her toilet is."

After the bustle attendant upon her entrance had subsided, the music, dancing and flirtation went merrily on.

Minnie Ross—for I suppose you have recognized our friend, is whirling in the mazes of the dance, with Mr. Margrave, the host, her friend Annie's husband. Annie, or Mrs. Margrave, after seeing Minnie well cared for, floated down the room, and rested before a sofa on which a gentleman was seated.

"Has she changed much since you last saw her?" is her first inquiry after placing herself by his side.

"Yes, oh yes! but for the better."

"You do not think she will recognize you?"

"Oh, no, for I then was a boy of twenty. I am now a man with a bearded face," replied the gentleman.

Annie then said, "How providential, that you and Heston were friends. And that Minnie and I were so intimate."

"Yes; if she loves me still I can rejoice, but not otherwise," was the reply.

"Well, don't be disconsolate, Leon, for if this scheme fails there are scores of wealthy, beautiful and talented ladies from among whom you can win a mistress for your heart and home."

"Don't speak so heartlessly, Mrs. Margrave. Would you have been thus easily consoled had Heston jilted you? Could you have serenely and calmly said, 'There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it,' to use an old but somewhat hackneyed maxim?"

"Oh, no!" said Annie, while her tender eyes became dewy with emotion. "Oh, no!" repeated she.

"Well then, kind-hearted lady, give me credit for a *little* of that tenderness which you possess in such abundance. For I can assure you that a considerable amount of faithfulness, sentiment, and passion still lingers in my composition."

"I believe you, Leon, I believe you!" cried this little matron. "Please pardon me if I have wounded your feelings or offended you."

"You have not, so do not exercise your mind about it. But, Annie, what is the first act in the drama?"

"Why the presentation of the famous artist to the celebrated authoress."

"Well, lead on! I will follow your guidance so long as my reason tells me that you are not leading me astray."

"Just as if *men* ever reasoned!" is the sarcastic rejoinder.

"Not much, I am afraid, where the ladies are concerned. If they followed more the dictates of reason, and less the impulses of their own hearts, there would be fewer ill-sorted marriages," is the quick retort.

"Well, suppose we stop sparring, and proceed to accomplish what we have undertaken to perform," exclaims Mrs. Margrave.

"I am perfectly willing," replies the gentleman, offering her his arm.

They make the circuit of the room and dispose of themselves, so as to command a view of the dancers. At this moment the music ceased, and the gentlemen led their partners from the floor. Mr. Margrave, with Minnie leaning on his arm, approaches the artist and Mrs. Margrave. The latter instantly says:

"Miss Ross, allow me to present Mr. Leon Bray; Mr. Bray, Miss Ross."

After the usual salutations Mr. Bray says: "I am most happy in being permitted to form the acquaintance of one whose words are read with delight by all, and whom fame declares to be most talented indeed."

"I can," said Minnie in reply to this compliment, "appreciate the honor of the acquaintance of Mr. Leon Bray, who has transferred such lovely scenes to his canvas, and who has won the applause of all beauty-lovers."

"Ah, you flatterer," said Mr. Bray, deprecatingly.

"Who gave me the precedent?" inquired Miss Ross, laughingly. "I always make it a rule, whenever any one rates my merits higher than they deserve, to make him my creditor by doubling the affliction."

"Do you? then I shall be careful in choosing my words when conversing with you, Miss Ross, for I dislike that sort of thing as much as you possibly can." A few more words, and then Mrs. Margrave excused herself, and drew her husband away.

Then Mr. Bray and Miss Ross sauntered into the conservatory. Strains of music came softly floating from the room they had just left. And those two, he with his broad, high, white brow, light, wavy brown hair, noble look and manly form; she with her splendidly matured figure, graceful movements and intellectual beauty, seemed fitting occupants of this small paradise.

Minnie and Leon both felt its magic influence, for they remained silent for a few moments. At length the artist broke the oppressive silence with:

"Do not think me precipitate, Miss Ross, but I would declare my passion to you. I love you with all a man's strong, enduring fervor. Do not send me away without one word of comfort."

Minnie heard him in absolute amazement; then drawing her slight form to its utmost height, she haughtily said:

"This is a strange wooing, and you are a strange wooer. You have known me but an hour, and yet you declare yourself to be in the very depths of love!"

"Will you not pity me? Will you crush the hopes I have so long fondly cherished? Will you not—"

"Stop, sir," cried Minnie. "You must cease your protestations, for I will not listen to them. Years ago I gave a promise to my lover, as he was then, that I would consider our engagement binding upon me until he had given me my freedom. I have neither seen nor heard from him for nine years; but if I should be nine times nine years, I will never engage myself to another until he gives me permission."

Leon bowed gravely, and after a moment's hesitation, said:

"Permit me to relate a short story. Will you not?"

Minnie signified her readiness, and they seated themselves among the fragrant flowers and tropical plants. Leon then related the following:

"Ten years ago, in the garden of a wealthy professional gentleman in one of our largest Eastern cities, there stood a youth of twenty, and a maiden of fifteen. They held a Bible in their hands, and like Robert Burns and Highland Mary, they took a vow of eternal constancy, and pledged themselves with a solemn oath never to engage themselves to any one unless the other gave his or her unbiassed consent."

While the story was thus being told, Minnie was conscious of a feeling of deathly faintness creeping over her form. For this stranger's story was identical with her own. Leon, however, heeded not her emotion, but continued:

"A year passed away, a glad and happy year, but at its close a fearful ending. The lady met with a terrible bereavement; before the awful event occurred, which was no less than the sudden death of a loved and loving father, the young man was invited to make one of a party about to sail for Europe. The preparations kept him fully occupied. He resided in New York, his betrothed in Philadelphia. He did not write informing her of his contemplated voyage, as he intended carrying the news in person. But the ship sailed a week sooner than intended, and he woke up to the fact that he was on the way to Europe, without so much as bidding her good-bye. But he consoled himself with the thought that he could write when he reached Liverpool. As soon as he landed, therefore, he wrote a long and loving letter, informing her of his departure, and how he was prevented from visiting her. They travelled through England, and just as they were preparing to visit France, a letter came from his affianced, informing him of her father's death, her poverty, and freeing him from his engagement. He immediately embarked for America. He found upon reaching Philadelphia that she had departed, none knew whither. In vain he sought among her numerous former friends and acquaintances, he could find no clue to her whereabouts. For two years he searched untiringly. At the conclusion of the third year he received a letter, which bore neither address nor signature, which informed him that she was living in a small village in the State of New York. It did not give the name of the place, however, nor state in which part of the State it was situated.

"He immediately started off, resolved to follow the clue until it should lead him to his beloved one. But he had not proceeded far before there was a fearful collision, and lives were lost by the score. He was not killed, but was injured so seriously that recovery seemed almost impossible. He was a month confined to his bed. In this predicament he could make no personal exertion toward the recovery of the lost one.

"He was bitterly thinking of all he had suffered and lost, one day, when a bright idea flashed into his brain. He remembered that his intended had feet of fairy-like proportions. And the thought occurred to him that he might find his 'Cinderella' by means of the 'glass slipper.' He decided to offer a pair of elegant velvet slippers, of the size she wore, to any young lady in the small villages round, who could wear them, together with a handsome diamond ring.

"He therefore sent an agent around to all the villages far and near, without success, until chancing to stop at a place called S——. And the young lady who had so long been searched for, won them.

"The agent, (who knew nothing of the circumstance, supposing it to be a sick man's whim,) returned, and reported that he had at last found a foot small enough to wear the slippers; and handed the lady's address to his employer.

"And this young man was so overjoyed at finding the weary search ended, that he immediately sent a letter to S——, requesting her to come to him. It was returned by the post-master—who wrote that the young lady to whom it was addressed, had, after disposing of the diamond ring, left the village, and gone none knew whither.

"The excitement and cruel disappointment, gave him a relapse. And when, months after, by order of his physicians, he set sail for Italy, it was with the firm conviction that he would never live to return. But health was restored. And then he remained to perfect his artistical education. Then he travelled all over the known world. And when thinking of returning to America, he met a friend on his bridal tour, who informed him incidentally, that his early love was a bosom friend of his young wife's. And also that she was an authoress of note.

"This made his heart leap, and hastened his footsteps. And now he awaits the reward of his faithfulness. For he has found her, and she is more precious and lovely in his sight than ever. Will he, should he receive it?"

"Yes, oh yes! he should," cried Minnie. "Oh, Leonard! how can I ever be thankful enough to Him who has brought you back to me?

"My darling, my darling! God has indeed been very good to me in permitting me to be reunited to you," murmurred the artist as he clasped Minnie's unresisting form in a close embrace.

Meanwhile inquiries are being put forth as to the prolonged absence of the handsomest and most distinguished man, and the loveliest and most celebrated woman, and Mrs. Margrave is despatched to find them. Humming a gay little waltz, she enters the conservatory, her entrance is heard and restores the lovers to a state of dignified propriety, but they cannot deceive the astute little woman, for she cries:

"Well, I see that all necessary explanations have been made. I congratulate you," and she extended a hand to each.

"Will you not join with me in persuading Minnie to become my wife, to-night?" asks Leonard Mowbray, (Leon Bray being but a shortening of his right name.)

"Oh, yes, Minnie do! it will be perfectly splendid."

"But the license, and the clergyman?" objected Minnie.

Leon blushed. "I have them ready," said he. Mrs. Margrave laughed, and Minnie looked indignant, and half inclined to be angry. But at Leonard's and Annie's entreaties she thought better of it and acquiesced. Affairs being thus amicably adjusted, they adjourned to a small reception-room, and sent for Mr. Margrave and the clergyman, Mr. Allen. They were soon informed of the parts they were expected to perform. Mr. Margrave then went to the drawing-room, and directed the servants to move one of the beautiful Italian marble tables, so as to form an altar. When this was done the clergyman made his appearance, prayer-book in hand. Mr. Margrave then informed them that a marriage ceremony was about to take place. Instantly there is a hush, and then a buzz of excitement as the doors are thrown open, and the bride elect and expectant bridegroom make their appearance, and walk calmly up to the improvised altar.

The solemn words are said, and the lion and queen of the evening are pronounced man and wife. "What God hath joined, let no man put asunder." Then came the congratulations, in the midst of which supper is announced, and all adjourn forthwith, to partake of a repast, which, it is needless to say, is as nectar and ambrosia to the united couple.

We will now leave them, merely adding that the cause of Minnie's sudden disappearance from S——, was a desire on her part to go to Boston, which the sale of the diamond ring to Kate Foster, furnished her the funds to accomplish. When there, a publisher and herself soon made arrangements for the publication of a book, upon which she had been long engaged, and which eventually brought her wealth and fame. She had, when she departed from Philadelphia, left her address with an old friend, and former schoolmate. But she, enamored of Leonard Mowbray's wealth, did not give it to him when he was making his frantic inquiries for her. She had also (it was believed) written the letter which gave such vague information. But, although she had caused them great unhappiness, they were inclined to forgive her. The more especially, as she had married, and made a bad venture, her husband proving to be a dissolute scoundrel; and as she was reduced to very indigent circumstances, Leonard and Minnie could not find it in their happy hearts to feel hardly toward her, but forgave her for her wrong-doing.

And, dear reader, if we have failed in the foregoing to please or instruct you, we can only hope that you will be as lenient as they.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The New York Tribune, in order to discover whether a sane man could be immured in a lunatic asylum by a conspiracy, and whether there were any abuses in the management of that at Bloomingdale, had one of its reporters feign madness and be consigned to the institution named. The gentleman afterward narrated his experiences in the Tribune, and made out quite a strong case against the managers. The Tribune of August 27, referring to the alleged abuses in the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum, into which Governor Hoffman has ordered an investigation, uses this language:

"We have clear grounds for saying, and we distinctly charge on our own responsibility, that commitments of sane persons are made by physicians whose examinations are unskilful and insufficient; that police justices do confine persons in lunatic asylums without even as much as looking at the person, physicians, or papers; that at Bloomingdale Dr. Brown himself remits his duties to young physicians incapable of scientifically treating insanity or detecting feigned lunacy; that the Board of Governors either make no weekly investigation, or that their inquiries are not searching or adequate, and that the trustees of the institution do not extend their inquiries into the character of those committing persons as lunatics, further than to establish their responsibility for the payment of the patients' board; that the management of the best lunatic asylums in the country, such as Bloomingdale claims to be, is criminally careless. This much, and possibly a great deal more, we are prepared to maintain before any court or commission of inquiry."

The long-expected buffalo hunt, announced to take place at Clifton, Ontario, July 1 and 4, but which was postponed on account of the United States Government refusing permission to the Indians who were to participate in the hunt to leave their reservation, was inaugurated Aug. 29, at the Niagara Falls Driving Park, under the auspices of Mr. S. Barnett and Wild Bill. The attendance from the Canadas, Buffalo, Rochester, and the surrounding country, was very large. The exercises were commenced at three o'clock with a war dance by a band of Apache braves, in full costume, followed by a match game of La Crosse between fifteen braves of the Cayuga tribe, from Grand River, Ontario, and an equal number of braves from the Six Nations, which was won in one hour and twenty-seven minutes by the American Indians. The hunt of the buffaloes, four in number, by the Apache Indians and a troupe of Mexican cattle stealers followed, the Mexicans lassoing them at will, showing a perfect knowledge of the habits of the animals. During the chase of the buffaloes, from the coral until their capture by the Mexicans, the Indians kept firing a continual shower of arrows, but whether at the buffaloes or the spectators was hard to indicate, as they fell as often among the latter as against the hides of the buffaloes. At five o'clock the hunt was abruptly closed on account of a few roughs breaking down the fences and rushing pell-mell into the arena where the hunt was being conducted. Fearing that the animals would become unmanageable, and being unable to drive the crowd back, the buffaloes were captured and safely housed. The hunt was resumed Friday, August 30. The Brazilian princes witnessed the hunt from the reporters' stand, and were loud in their huzzas as the buffaloes went to the ground on being lassoed.

Salt Lake City is again excited, in consequence of the receipt of gems from the diamond mines of New Mexico. The rubies, emeralds, opals, garnets and sapphires, received by the Savage Company are pronounced genuine. The question of the genuineness of the "diamonds" is to be submitted to New York lapidaries for decision. Another expedition is organizing there to search for gems in New Mexico. Specimens of gold-bearing quartz have been received from Tintic, which are said to assay over $40,000 per ton.

Victoria Woodhull and her sister, Tennessee Claflin, were examined August 27 as judgment debtors in the suit brought against them by Brinkerhoff Myers. Both testified that they do not own a dollar's worth of property. Victoria Woodhull said she could not call even the clothes on her back her own.

John B. Lyon & Co., and Hugh Maher, notorious for illegitimate operations in grain, have been expelled from the Chicago Board of Trade.

BASE BALL.

BALTIMORE VS. ATHLETIC.

At Philadelphia, August 24, the Baltimore defeated the Athletic by a score of 12 to 8.

BALTIMORE VS. ECKFORD.

At New York, August 27, the Baltimore defeated the Eckford by a score of 15 to 6.

ATHLETIC VS. ATLANTIC.

At New York, August 28, the Athletic defeated the Atlantic by a score of 26 to 12.

PULLING THE MOUSTACHE.

This, for lack of better employment of the right hand, is a practice so very common with young men who are waiting to say something to young ladies, that it deserves to be treated from a scientific or cultural side, and made an accomplishment. You rarely see a fellow with a new labial growth, who does not carry his thumb and finger to his pet, on being introduced, or on coming into a situation where expectations and responsibilities are either of them at all uncertain. It is the gesture of gestures. Before moustaches came in, or rather came out, the habit was to either stick the hands in the pockets, or fasten them crossways behind the back. The moustache has changed all that. To be convinced how it is, you need but watch the next movement of a young fellow whose comfort it is to have one convenient to his social necessities.

☞ A newly married couple on their bridal tour were walking along the edge of a cliff at Charleston, West Virginia, a few days ago, when they both suddenly lost their balance, and were precipitated below and instantly killed.

☞ Artists abound among the Catskill mountains about this period, and every pretty nook and secluded spot has been taken possession of by the knights of the palette and brush.

☞ A St. Louis policeman is named Wallkoff. He does, with small boys.

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OLD AND NEW for September. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

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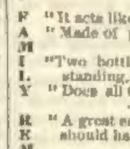

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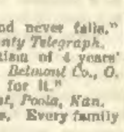

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WIT AND HUMOR.

SALLIE'S BEDTIME.

A father, not very far from here, read in the paper the other morning that the "Utica girls who want their beaux to go home the same night they call, pull a string at the proper hour which reverses a picture, on the back of which appear the words, 'Ten o'clock is my bedtime.'"

This father, who has a daughter given to late hours when a certain youth sits up and helps her keep them, thought he would try this Utica plan, so he wrote in large characters on the back of a huge portrait of George Washington, this inscription:

"10 O'CLOCK IS SALLIE'S BEDTIME."

Then he arranged the picture so that when he attached a string to the frame, he could reverse it from his bed-chamber. But when Sallie entered the room an hour later, her æsthetic eye was outraged by observing the portrait of George hanging slightly out of plumb, so to speak, and in adjusting it her father's little game was revealed in all its subtle ingenuity.

Sallie was not a Utica girl, however, so she just went to work and neatly effaced the figure "0," leaving the 1 standing solitary and upright—which, you will observe, made a few hours difference in her bedtime. That night, as usual, Sallie received a visit from her young man—which his front name it was Henry—and her paternal parent attached his string to G. W.'s portrait, and retired to his downy couch.

About ten o'clock, while Henry and Sallie were deeply absorbed in some knotty problem, with their heads so contiguous that you couldn't insert a piece of tissue paper between them, the Father of his Country suddenly turned his face to the wall, as if he was ashamed to gaze upon such doings. Henry, with a sudden start, glanced at the picture, and saw the hand-writing on the wall, as it were, which read "1 o'clock is Sallie's bedtime." Then Henry looked at Sallie with an interrogation in his eye, which was partly dispelled by the fair maid murmuring, "It's all right." Henry said of course it was all right—that he had long known one o'clock was her bedtime, and he thought it was plenty late enough, too, for a young girl to be out of bed, but what business he said had George Washington's portrait to be flopping about that way? Then Sallie explained—and the twain resumed work on the problem. Henry putting his arms around Sallie to prevent her falling off the chair.

Meanwhile the old man was listening for the front door to open, and his would-be son-in-law's footsteps pattering over the pavement with the toes of his boots pointing from the house These sounds not falling upon his ears, and thinking maybe the old thing didn't work right, he gave the string another pull, and George W. again faced the audience. Then he listened, but he heard no footsteps—nothing but a peculiar sound, something resembling the popping of champagne corks.

Then he grew cross, and gave the string another jerk, causing G. W. to turn about with violent suddenness, just as if he was dreadfully out of humor, too.

And still all is quiet below—except that popping sound.

Then the string was pulled again—and again—and again—indicating that the old fellow was just ready to explode with rage. And for fully fifteen minutes did he have the portrait of the man who could not tell a lie turning excited flip-flaps and things on the wall like a bewitched gymnast, until he fell asleep exhausted—Sallie's father fell asleep, not the portrait.

Henry kissed Sallie good-night at one o'clock, A. M., remarking, as he did so, that it would seem like a long, long, weary year ere he would see her again—because, you know, he didn't expect to see her again until the evening of that day.

The next morning her father examined that portrait, and when he fully understood the situation he was pained. He shed a silent tear, detached the string, sponged out the inscription, and walked away with the weight of fifty-five years on his shoulders—that being his age. He says a girl who will go back on her father that way would just as lief as not disgrace her parents by marrying a Congressman.—B. DADD, *in Norristown Herald.*

IRISH ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following advertisements have been, from time to time, clipped from Irish papers:—

From the Freeman's Journal, 1870:—"One pound reward.—Lost, a cameo brooch, representing Venus and Adonis on the Drumcondra road, about ten o'clock on Tuesday evening."

From the Cork Reporter (advertisement of a wine merchant:)—"The advertiser, having made an advantageous purchase, offers for sale, on very low terms, about sixty dozen of prime Port wine, lately the property of a gentleman forty years of age, full in the body, and with a high bouquet."

The two following advertisements appeared in all the Dublin papers, emanating from a well-known livery-stable keeper:

"To be sold, cheap, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head, as good as new."

"To be sold, a splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail."

From Saunders' Newsletter: "Ten shillings reward.—Lost, by a gentleman, a white terrier dog except the head which is black. To be brought to, &c."

To these Irish advertisements may be added one English one, which was the subject of a humorous article in the Saturday Review, some four or five years since: "To be sold, an Erard grand piano, the property of a lady about to travel in a walnut-wood case, with carved legs."

SPICE.

The City of Boston advertisement, headed "Proposals for sewers," is *not* addressed to unmarried seamstresses.

A learned seal in a travelling menagerie this summer is said to be making an excellent *impression.*

All of the Metropolitan Railway cars are smoking cars now. A burly rough who was enjoying a full-flavored Connecticut on the front platform, the other morning, was politely requested to desist by a gentleman who, seated near the door, received the full benefit of the ill-smelling weed. Blowing another nauseating cloud, the independent citizen replied, with a wink to the driver, "I've got the asthma, an' the doctor says smoking will cure me." Without vouchsafing a reply, the gentleman turned to the conductor calmly and said, "Conductor, as that hog has smoked long enough to be cured, please take him off."

A "stinging letter"—B.

The best "iron tonic" for fashionable ladies to use—The flat-iron.

Jones writes us from the Profile House that he has discovered a new fall. He found it among the rocks in the rear of the house, and says there was a sharp descent of about a rod, a swift rise of two feet, and a large damn on reaching the flat rock. His friends christened it Jones's fall at once.

☞ An exuberant youth at Pittsfield, thus said to a supposed friend: "Hello, Zeke! Oh! excuse me; I thought you were another man!" Laconic stranger: "I am!"

☞ Copper-toed fans are now sold for the benefit of young ladies who have no one to love, and who chew the stuffing out of any other kind in one evening when a hop is in progress.

SAILING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MINNIE MAY.

Oh! a royal day in summer,
The west wind blowing free,
The flowers nodding, nodding
In sunshine on the lea.

Sunshine on the waters,
Love-light in hazel eyes;
Oh! life was very pleasant,
And earth a Paradise.

For *he* and I were sailing,
Were drifting out to sea,
This royal day in summer,
The west wind blowing free.

The oars were lightly glancing,
Among the sun-lit waves,
And our little boat like magic
Sped o'er the ocean caves.

Old Sol climbed down the mountain,
Twilight its mystery shed,
Then we vowed to love each other,
Till the sea gave up its dead.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 34.

ON THE PLAINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

For hours I had been walking cautiously in my stocking feet, my boots being fastened to my belt on either side, so that by no means could they strike their toes together, and betray my movements. I was well aware that every yard of the route was liable to develop some dangerous surprise, hence my stealthy manner.

Suddenly and after all, unexpectedly there came a sound near me, and some unusual movement in the rank prairie grass. My heart gave a sudden and suffocating leap, and an involuntary shudder twined about my spinal column.

In the first place, by way of explanation, I had been on a hazardous expedition from which I fully realized I was not yet safely returned. I had been chosen to carry dispatches down through the dangerous Delaware's territory to apprise Col. T. that supplies were on the route to the fort from the direction of the posts toward Santa Fe, and that the safest method would be to send out a squad of Uncle Sam's vets to guard the trains, as within the previous two weeks three mule trains had been captured in that direction, and every man murdered.

From my success in hunting down desperadoes, I had become a marked man. Not that I should have given the Delaware Indians the second thought had I not known that they had been bitterly incensed against United States soldiers in general, and a few of us belonging to the Vigilance Committee in particular; therefore when General S. deputized me to carry the dispatches through to the fort, I confess that I did not rush into the undertaking with undue ecstasy; however, some one must go, and I chose to accept the commission. The night previous to the one on which I present myself as listening to a strange sound in the grass, I had started on foot, leaving my horse at L——, that being as far along the way as I deemed it admissible to be accompanied by the clatter of my animal's feet. With a cocked pistol in my right hand, and feeling the safety of the papers in my breast pocket with my left, I had paced off fifteen miles during the dark hours of the middle night in a manner which would have drawn applause from admirers of rapid pedestrianism, and which deluged my face and body with streams of perspiration. The least unusual echo, the snarl of a prairie dog, the snapping of a twig, and even the hissing of the tall grass in the uncertain wind, brought me to a sudden stand-still with the arteries in my ears drumming an infernal tattoo.

I was wholly and painfully conscious that my movements were generally watched and telegraphed to ruffians miles away by some diabolical jugglery known only to the renegades of the border, therefore any one of these sounds might be the precursor of dissolution to me.

The slow, heavy movement amid the grass at my right filled me with dismay. It was no rattle-snake; neither was there jar enough to convey the idea that it was a wounded buffalo. What then? I had been so startled that I had involuntarily uttered a guttural ejaculation.

I listened intently, feeling perfectly convinced that other ears near were doing the same.

"Is it a man?" I thought to myself, as no farther movement had been made—only the first one which had attracted my attention. A snake, or animal, once moving from my approach would have continued to move away. As this conviction instantly flashed across my mind I dropped upon my knees amongst the grass, thus getting my dimensions below the dividing line of earth and air, for I knew not from which side the first shot might hit the target.

Three or more minutes passed, and not another sound came to my ears, save the hissing of the grass in the wind—and if anyone thinks my sensations were pleasant, let him be suddenly awakened from his sleep by some noise that refuses to repeat itself and allow of identification.

After five minutes of intense listening, I heard a movement again, coming directly toward me.

"Halt!" I called, in a suppressed whisper, "or I'll send a bullet to make your acquaintance."

"God be praised," ejaculated a rather weak voice, "is it a white man?"

"In the name of goodness what are you doing here—building a nest?"

"I thought so—my last one—but how came *you* here?" was the suppressed query—"did you—are you wounded; who are you?"

"Tisn't always safe to introduce yourself to strangers; but who are you?"

"Speak in a whisper. It seems to me as if the grass is alive with the red devils. Have you any water in your canteen—I am dying of fever thirst brought on by the pain of my wounds."

The night hung so low with clouds that we couldn't see the whites of each other's eyes—and yet above the watery, bulging mass a young moon was serenely wading, and giving back the light of the twinkling stars.

The whispered details were soon given us.

"Was crossing the plains with the trains, when the sneaking reds suddenly set upon us, and in half an hour, although we handled ourselves in earnest, they had taken the length on the prairie of every one of us, myself not excepted. I was stunned, and played dead, after I saw that it was all over with us, and while they were busy in swinging the train about, I managed to crawl off into the grass, and hardly daring to breathe, found that they were moving away. I hardly know how I escaped, but I know they left the other boys dead and bald-headed, for today, by lifting my head cautiously, I could distinguish the heavy wings of the carrion birds flogging the air near where they fell."

"Where are you wounded?" I questioned, after giving him my flask of fermented corn juice.

"Got bled in the arm and shoulder, and met with an Indian ax-i-dent on the side of my head," he answered with all the bravado humor of the wild hunter. "Shouldn't wonder if the old saw teeth of the skull bones need setting over—they pinch like patent tweezers. Hist!"

NOT ROWING IN THE SAME BOAT.

Captain George to his fair Angelique:—"Aw! d'you know I shouldn't wondaw if this fellaw pwefaws this sawt of thing to hawd wowk!"

[Good thing for the Captain this fellow is deaf.

Our whispered communicaotine instantly ceased.

"Which way?" I questioned, for the infernal hissing of the grasses bothered my ears.

"From the direction of Santa Fe."

We were back several rods from the regular trail—near enough to it to have no fear of losing our way, and still far enough off not to get ridden over by friend or foe.

In the time that it would take to count ten, after the first sound had reached us, the steady jarring of a running horse could be heard.

"The van rider of a train?" I suggested, in a low tone.

"No; else you could also make out by this time the other heavier echo of the rumbling wagons."

"What is it?"

"That means pursuit. Look sharply!" The breaking clouds let the moonlight out. "God help him—that is bad for the victim. I can hear—I can hear another echo, but not the rumble of a heavy train. The red devils are swooping after their prey. God! how my head jumps and jerks along by the dry lips of the wound. Here—here! he is almost upon us."

We arose to our knees just as, with the rush of a tornado, a long-limbed horse with her head stretched out on a level with her tail dashed by towards the forks of the C——.

"Wild Bill, by the great red dragon. Death is after him, and death is before him. The bridge that spans the fork is washed away by the recent flood, and a plunge from the precipitous banks upon the snaggly bottom would spit him like a fowl."

Yes, it was Wild Bill, standing almost erect in his stirrups, and half turned around, his wide, fiery eye searching behind for his pursuers, and his long, fair hair streaming on the wind that rushed squealing by his ears.

We had but little time to wait before five hideous red fiends, silent as fate flew past, their small fiery beasts measuring the ground with strokes as even as drum beats.

From our crouching position we could distinctly make them out, aided as we were by the breaking and thinning of the clouds. Hideous demons, with the feather tufts standing a top of their greasy skulls, their attitudes betraying their bloodthirsty appetites, with heads projecting over the level necks of their steeds, and their knees drawn up in almost a perfect leap-frog posture, their small, devilish eyes levelled straight over their high cheek-bones, were hoping to sight their quarry.

"Get up!" spoke the hunter aloud, the weakness from his wounds being gone on the instant. "They'll get Bill at the forks. Give me a pistol for my right hand. The leader of the pack didn't ride just like a Sioux. Get into the trail and strike a lope. I'll unhinge my shoulder, but—strike the trail, stranger, strike the trail."

For the first twenty minutes the wounded man held up twice to swallow a draught from my whiskey flask, and after that he kept neck and heels with me.

The fork was only two miles away from where we made each other's acquaintance in the grass, but before we got there we heard the quick successive shots of the pistols, that told us that Wild Bill was brought to bay.

There had been hard fighting for more than twenty minutes when we approached near enough to make out the combatants, and creeping, one of us to the right and the other to the left, our rapid reports from two quarters carried consternation to the red fiends, and they fled, followed closely by Bill, who unslinging his rifle, in no time emptied two saddles, and sent the remainder of the party scurrying wildly away.

The gray of early dawn looked in among the tall grasses by a little spring of bubbling water, and it saw—don't be alarmed—the heads of two men, two pipes and two mutilated plugs of navy tobacco. Afterward, as the young day grew stronger, it found the entire outlines of Bill and myself, with the plugs and the pipes, and the wounded hunter, feverish and exhausted and moaning with pain.

"No, sir," says Bill decidedly, at my proposal to get on before the sufferer grew worse; "there's a white devil that sat on to me for murder last night, and he's just a-waiting round here for us to show the number of our figures, when he'll give us another dab. We've got to stay just here till night, you know. Slap on the wet rags. In two hours he'll be fighting the spookeys, and we'll have to gag his yells."

You perceive that Bill was the master of the occasion, and knew just how to explain himself; and he was right, too, for before noon the wounded man's hands were fighting the air in a desperate manner. Bill, from a rise near by, watched the surrounding plains, while I did what I could to relieve the sufferer's distress. It was, you surmise, a long day to us all, and two of us hailed with delight the setting of the sun.

"But we've got a job ahead of us," ejaculated the border hero—"if we only had a fresh horse apiece I wouldn't mind, but we've got to gag the poor wretch and tie him on to my beast while we walk the eight miles to T——.

"I am just back from guiding a company of traders across to Santa Fe, and was thinking to camp for the night, when I accidentally stumbled upon a corral of horses which the Siouxs had stolen from the ranches easterly, and the restless brutes betrayed me before I got safely off. Reef Hudson is the leader of the train-robbers and murderers—knew him in his red-skin outfit, and shot at him fair and square, but the devil leads a charmed life."

We moved on with caution as soon as the shades of night had enveloped us, and had to seem cruel in order to be kind. The wounded, delirious man had his hands bound and his mouth protected from all outcry by a gag made of the lining of his own hunting jacket, and with Bill in front, the horse following, and myself in the rear we struck the trail, and listening intently moved with what speed we might along the dangerous plain. After two miles or so we came into the broken or rolling prairie, and had to keep every faculty on the alert as Bill was sure that Hudson had escaped uninjured, and would attempt to pick him off.

We passed along for half the route in undisturbed safety, Bill having told me as he strode on to reconnoitre that if we did stumble into an ambuscade to let the mare alone, as she would be beyond bullet range right suddenly.

He was rising a knolly elevation, fifty rods in advance of me, looking to the right and left where the young moon, dipping down, sent a thin, watery glow over the grassy sea, when without an instant's warning, there came the quick report of a rifle, and Bill fell flat in the rank grass. The mare scurried to the right like a tornado. Was he killed? I had dropped into covert on the instant, but immediately moved forward, for a second's reflection told me that it was Bill's own rifle that I had heard.

"My turkey is settin' behind the brush yonder," remarked he, coolly, joining me and walking rapidly in the direction taken by his horse, "a greasy sneak a scoutin' and crawlin' off to give notice to the whole party. Now you know, stranger, it's best to *hist* yer leather rapidly toward the outposts, or thar won't be enough of yer left by mornin' for yer friends to swar by. Take yer cow-hides high and set 'em wide apart."

With this the famous scout began measuring the plains easterly in a manner that appalled short longitude. His whistle and turkey clucking brought up the horse, and he gave her a sentence or two, punctuated with a resounding slap at the close, all of which I believe the beast understood.

"Put up your end now, my female beast, no parleying, but keep your hoofs clear of the dirt between here and the outpost.

"Forrard quarters ahead lively, before that squirmin' follow on your spinal, gets out of his skin, hearty, lively now, you git!'

Striking a loping pace we kept the mare in sight, and came into the fort at three o'clock, when the surgeon on examining the poor fellow pronounced him in a terrible state from fever, and from his wounds remaining so long undressed.

In the early light of day, burning the weed in company with Wild Bill, it was impossible to believe half the stories that the borderers told of him. The forehead was low like a woman's brow, and the soft, wide, dark eye had a gentle expression; but lower down in the quivering, expansive nostrils, and the indescribable expression of the curved lips, you got a clue to the materials that composed the mental make-up of the border hero.

VAGARIES OF THE INSANE.

A large number of the inmates of the State Insane Asylum fancy themselves to be some one else. There are any number of kings, queens, emperors, a Gen. Grant, and other notabilities. Many a poor creature is happy in his or her delusion, and gravely insists on its truth. The delusion of patients that they are God or the Saviour is very common. Not long ago Dr. Gray had all the three persons of the Trinity under his care, and then came another God. However, as the new comer was a very little man, and the other contestant for divine supremacy a very big man, the little one quickly discovered that he was not God, but the Attorney-General of the United States. One curious coincidence in the way of delusion has occurred since Dr. Gray has been superintendent. A female patient had just arrived, and was seated in the office, when a tall young man was brought in by his father. The poor lad at once objected to being confined in the asylum, saying, "he was Jesus Christ, and had the world to save." The woman sprang up excitedly, and throwing her arms open, exclaimed, "Come to my arms, my son; I am the Virgin Mary." The young man at once threw himself on the bosom of the woman, and they heartily and tenderly embraced one another, to the horror of the lad's father Another woman was under the belief that she had been turned into a cow, and was much vexed because she was not allowed to be the means of supplying the asylum.—*N. Y. Times.*

MUTUALLY DISGUSTED.

A negro employed on one of the ferry-boats stutters and stammers so that it sometimes takes him half a trip to answer two questions. If he gets excited his speech becomes so fearful that he will sometimes give it up in despair and go and sit down! An Eastern man, who is also badly affected in his speech, stepped up to Thomas on the boat the other day, and says he:

"D-does t-this b-b-boat go to W-Winsor?"

"Y-yes, this b-b-boat d-does," replied Thomas.

The traveller thought that Thomas was making sport of him, and he exclaimed:

"I-I c-can put a h-head on y-you in just t-two-two m-m-minutes!"

Thomas looked at him a moment and then replied:

"I-If y-you th-think you-you-you can-can, just t-try it o-on!"

The two glared at each other a moment, and were just about to clinch, when a third party came forward and explained matters.

"Th-that a-alters the c-case," remarked the traveller.

"Th-that makes it p-plain," remarked Thomas, and both shook hands.

☞ Fritz Vanvonderblinkenstoffenheimstronsehorn of Hamburg, Germany, registered his name at the Windiate House, Manitowoc, on the 3d. The landlord immediately opened a new book for the accommodation of travellers.

☞ An elderly bachelor in Providence, Rhode Island, recently, during a heavy thunderstorm, endeavored to calm the fears of a young lady by kissing her, for which, on the following day, he was fined $15.

Answers to Correspondents.

MARK, (Meriden, Connecticut,) asks: "If a person bets on a sure thing does he lose? For instance if a person saw a horse trot in 2.30, and made a bet on that time, pretending that he knew nothing about it, if it could be proven that he did know, would he not lose? What do you think of my hand-writing?" There is no code of laws governing the mysteries of betting. There may be rules among sportsmen, but it is a subject we prefer not to study. If a person bets on a sure thing, without making any professions to the contrary, he would certainly win, it being the other person's business to be careful how he bets. In the case you mention he would act dishonorably, and in our opinion the bet should be considered drawn. Your writing is very good.

J. S. F., (Martinsville, Indiana,) writes: "I have been paying my respects to a young lady for some time. She is a handsome and intelligent girl, and I think I love her well enough to marry her, if it were not for one objection. Before I commenced going to see this girl, another young man had been paying his respects to her. They were very intimate—and I have found out since, that they were engaged to marry, but a misunderstanding sprung up between them, and they played out. She slighted him in company, but afterward repented of it. She told different persons that she would not have acted so if another young man had not lied about him, but she never sent word for him to come back. Now the question with me is, does she still love him? Can a girl love one young man well enough to marry him, and then discard him and love another just as well? She appears to love me by actions and deeds, as truly as any woman could; but is it real, or because she has given up all hope of getting the man I spoke of? Can the heart be given the second time? 'If a tree dies, can it live again?' These are questions too hard for me—if you can answer them, do so, and oblige a reader of your valuable paper." Your nut is a little too hard also for our teeth to crack. Whether she loves him still or whether she does not, depends on so many pros and cons, and on such deep mysteries of the unfathomable female fancy, that we shall have to give it up. "If a tree dies can it live again?" Yes, in one sense it can. It lives in new growing seeds, or in new sprouts from its roots, and woman's love may take a new lease of life in the same manner. That a woman becomes engaged to a man is no assurance that her love for him is so strong as to be unquenchable in the cold waters of neglect and distrust, and that she can never look with eyes of affection on any other man. You seem to be borrowing unnecessary trouble. If she professes and appears to love you, why bother your brains for fear she may not have forgotten your predecessor?

L. C. H. (Cypress Creek, Ark.,) says: "Will you please answer a few questions for a good friend and admirer? 1st. What is the proper pronunciation of this word 'Trichina?' 2d. The above word is the name of a disease. Please tell me how it affects the system, and what is the remedy if there is any? 3d. Why are the locusts which infest the country called the 'seventeen-year locusts?'" 1st. It is pronounced Trik-ki-na. 2d. Trichina is the name of an animalcule infesting certain animals, particularly the pig. Trichiniasis, the disease resulting from it, is caused by eating pork so infected, in which the Trichina has not been destroyed by thorough cooking. The animal increases with great rapidity within the human body, being carried in the blood, and entering the muscles. It is a dangerous and frequently fatal disease, and the only positive preventive of it is to avoid eating pork that has not been thoroughly subjected to the action of heat. Prevention is far better and easier than cure. 3d. The seventeen-year locust is not a true locust, but a species of Cicada, which usually appears at intervals of seventeen years. There is undoubted evidence on this point, though it may appear every year in different parts of the country. The cause of this long continuance in the larval state is not known.

FARMER BOY, (Cable, Ohio,) says: "I wish to learn to be a painter, to paint carriages, and all kinds of fancy painting. What is the best place to learn the trade? Do you think I could get employment in your city? Perhaps if you cannot answer this some reader of the Post may be kind enough to inform me where I can obtain employment." This is not the kind of questions for which the correspondents' column was instituted. Our object is to give information on points of general knowledge, and advice on personal relations. Beyond this we cannot well venture. The city would be the best place for the business mentioned, but we do not know what the chances are

NO NAME, (Auburn, Indiana,) writes: "Having received so much valuable information from your welcome journal, I venture to ask some questions. 1st. What nation discovered Peru? 2d. What is the greatest distance that any two objects can be placed apart? 3d. What is the pronunciation of the word Ilu Queene? 4th. How far is Toledo from Lake Erie? 5th. In what year was George Washington married? 6th. Was George Washington a Democrat or a Republican? 7th. Which is the most active volcano in the world? 8th. What is the meaning of the Scriptural term, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' 9th. What is the pronunciation of the word Rochelle, also the word Bronx? 10th. What is known by the term 'high water,' which we see in some of our almanacs? 11th. Does any writing rank 50 per cent? 12th. What is the largest river in the world? 13th. How much powder would it take to throw a cannon ball that weighs thirty-two pounds eight miles?" 1st. Spain, the first expedition there was that made under Pizarro, who eventually conquered the country. 2d. As space is, so far as our finite reason declares, infinite in extension, two objects may be placed an infinite distance apart. 3d. Pronounce Doo Kain. 4th. It is about four miles from Maumee Bay—which connects with the Lake. 5th. He was married in 1759. 6th. Our present Democratic and Republican parties originated half a century after his death. The parties in his day were the Federalists, and the Anti-Federalists, who also called themselves Republicans, Washington was elected as the leader of the Federal party. 7th. Perhaps Mount Hecla, in Iceland. This mountain has been known to continue in eruption for six years without cessation. 8th. The expression indicates the ancient law of retaliation, by which any injured person had the privilege of inflicting an injury of like character on his assailant. 9th. Pronounce Ile shel and Brooks. 10th. You must have spent your life out of range of tide water. It refers to the action of the tides, through which the waters of the ocean and of tidal rivers rise and fall twice every day. High water occurs at the end of the rise of the tide. 11th. About. 12th. The Amazon, so far as is at present known. We do not know but that Livingstone may yet prove the Nile to be the longest. 13th. It would be impossible to tell, since no cannon ball has ever been thrown that distance.

ROCKAWAY, (Shrewsbury, N. J.,) writes: "Will you be kind enough to inform me whether the Smithsonian Institute gives away or sells its Annual Reports to any one who sends for them? If they sell them, please tell me the price. If they cannot be obtained in either of the above ways, please inform me, if you can, how they may be obtained." There is a certain number of these Reports published for free distribution by members of Congress to their constituents. By writing to the member from your district, during the session of Congress, he will probably mail you a copy. If you wish one now, you had better write to Prof. Joseph Henry, who is at the head of the institution.

A. B. asks: "If you would be so kind as to state the order of the titles of English nobility, you will greatly oblige a constant reader and admirer." There are five orders of the English Peerage, ranking respectively as Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, and Baron. Of your articles, "Gossiping Neighbors" is accepted. "Night" we are obliged to decline.

LU, (Ogden, N. Y.,) writes: "In answering some questions recently appearing in the Post, you state there is need of instruction in spelling, history, and mythology. That there is room for history and mythology is generally admitted. You have mistaken my questions. In the fourth one, 'Who was Marou?' you presumed the allusion was to General Marion, who was an American officer; and that the name was misspelled. I alluded to one Maron who lived about the sixth century. We find in history events of the Maronites, a body of nominal Christians, who spoke the Arabic language, and resided on Mount Lebanon. In regard to the third question, 'In what manner did the safety of ancient Troy depend upon the preservation of the statue of the Goddess Pallas.' We read of the statue of the Goddess Pallas, called Palladium, on the preservation of which depended the safety of ancient Troy. We also read in mythology that Pallas was the Grecian Goddess of Wisdom, identified at a later period with the Roman Minerva. 1st. State dates of births and deaths of the following named men: Vattel, Henry Finch, and Montesquieu, with a few important facts of their lives, and the works of which they were authors, if any. 2d. Is there a distinction between the state of mind termed desire and the state of mind termed volition? 3d. Is the mind always conscious of its operations?" If Lu had been a little more precise in asking his questions, and had indicated, as he seems so well able to do, to whom he referred, he would have received the desired answer at the time. We repeat that there is no such historical character as Maron, and we, therefore, concluded that he must have dropped an s out of Marius; an unpatriotic action, as we thought at the time, to deprive the old revolutionary hero of his *eye*. The origin of the Maronites is uncertain. The prevalent opinion is that they were called either after a hermit named Maro, who lived in the fifth century, or after their first patriarch, John Maru, who lived two centuries later. You are right as regards the Palladium. We did not understand your question. It was a wooden statue of Pallas, whose eyes appeared to move. The Trojans believed that it fell from Heaven into an unfinished temple, and were told by the oracle that Troy would never be taken while the statue remained within its walls. The Greek heroes, Ulysses and Diomed, stole into the city, killed the attendants, and carried off the statue to the Grecian camp. Troy soon after fell. Vattel was born in 1714 and died in 1767. He acted as as minister from Poland to the Republic of Berne. His principal work, "A Treatise on the Law of Nations," is yet a standard authority. Henry Finch was born about 1550. Died 1625. He was a distinguished lawyer. His principal work is "Of Law, or a Discourse thereof." Montesquieu was born in 1689, died in 1755. He was President of the Parliament of Bordeaux, and afterwards member of the French Academy. His principal work is the "Spirit of Laws." He was twenty years in writing it. He ranks high among writers on political science. In regard to your second question we cannot perceive under what theory you can consider desire and volition as identical. You might as well consider the state of hunger and the act of eating as the same. The mind is not always conscious of its operations. There are cases of persons receiving impressions of which they did not become aware till a later period. Also cases of persons pursuing a train of thought who, after a period otherwise occupied, have found their difficulties removed, and their train of thought more advanced, without conscious action of their minds.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 59 letters.
My 3, 30, 24, 16, 47, is a river in France.
My 14, 55, 29, 48, 8, is the name of a bird.
My 2, 18, 32, 10, 54, 25, is the name of a heathen deity.
My 6, 21, 59, 37, 39, 45, is a kind of tree.
My 28, 57, 39, 13, 4, is a town in France.
My 22, 29, 1, 43, 35, 58, 30, is the name of one of Scott's novels.
My 40, 36, 6, 47, 23, 27, is a character in the above novel.
My 49, 5, 43, 30, 51, is what every one desires to have.
My 15, 9, 42, is an animal.
My 56, 44, 38, 59, is a term of contempt.
My 52, 50, 34, 20, 7, 17, 27, is the name of one of the United States.
My 11, 27, 43, 26, 47, 41, 12, is a town in Germany.
My 17, 54, 13, 31, 46, is an article of clothing.
My 21, 33, 44, 39, 50, is what I hope we all possess.
My whole is a verse from Proverbs.

BESSIE.

BURIED TOWNS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. We will go to the palace and see the Prince to-night.
2. The meadow is deserted, for the mowers have gone to town for sythes.
3. We will cross the Hudson river to New York.
4. Give Caleb an onion.
5. "Give me some more hash, landlord." *His Last Dime,* by Mark Twain.
6. I could not find Jack, so Ned went in his place.
7. Laura then started for home.
8. Considering their opportunities, the scholars do very well.
9. Did you ever see a spar taken from a ship?
10. Let Lewis tell a story and I will sing a song.
11. Let us hope Kingsly will long be spared to write his songs.
12. Advice to delinquent subscribers to the Post:

"Make up your mind to owe no one."

Fort Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of four letters.
Cut off my head and I am something all do.
My 4, 2, 3, is much patronized by elderly ladies.
My 1, 3, 4, is an article worn by both sexes.
My 3, 1, is an exclamation.
My whole is intensely powerful, and we long for emancipation from its fervid spell.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A plume of feathers.
A wanderer.
To escape.
A town in Europe.
A river in Europe.

Wadesville, Va. A. I. K.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbor."—Prov. XIX chap., 4 verse.

RIDDLE—Happiness.

ENIGMA—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."—Prov. 6 chap., 6 verse.

BURIED RIVERS—1. Negro. 2. Yeou. 3. Para. 4. Napo. 5. Nourse. 6. Zingu. 7. Orange. 8. Meta.

WORD SQUARES—

I.
W E D
E R E
D E N

II.
N E T
E V E
T E N

RECEIPTS.

ELDER WINE.—To every gallon of picked ripe berries allow one gallon of water, and let them stand 24 hours, often stirring them; then put them into a vessel, and boil well for half an hour, then draw the whole off and strain it through a sieve; put the juice into the vessel a second time, and to each gallon add 3½ lbs. of moist sugar; boil it for half an hour, and within the last five minutes add, tied in muslin, bruised ginger and allspice, of each 4 ounces to every 10 gallons; then take out the spice, and when cool, set the *must* to work, with some good yeast upon a toast; when it ceases to ferment, put it into a cask, bung down closely, let it stand three or four months, and bottle it, though it may remain in the wood, if more convenient. The addition of a few damsons, sloes, or any other rough plum to the elder-berries will give this wine the roughness of port. It will likewise be improved by the addition of crude tartar before the wine is set to ferment. A superior elder wine may be made by using, instead of moist sugar, 4 pounds of loaf sugar to every gallon of mixed juice and water.

GREEN APPLE PIE.—There is a great deal said and written about the unhealthiness of pies—and, I presume, truly too—but as long as men are as fond of them, as all I ever knew are, they will be *made,* and here is my way of making a good apple pie. First have the lard and water for the crust both cold; take what flour is sufficient for three pies, and into this cut up one teacup of lard; add a small pinch of salt and rub the lard into the flour, but not until it is fine; leave it quite lumpy; pour a teacup of cold water on this and stir with your hand until it adheres in a mass, but never mix it in the pan or on the kneading board; all the flour you roll in does not prevent it being flaky, but mixing spoils it all. Now for the inside: Don't slice your apples, but quarter them, or, if very large, cut in eight pieces; lay them evenly in your tin, sweeten and flavor with what you like; cut up a piece of butter the size of a walnut in very small pieces and lay on the sugar; wet the edge of the crust before covering, and if you want it very nice, sprinkle over the top of the crust a layer of pulverized sugar; bake in rather hot oven, but watch closely, and do not brown. In the spring it is an improvement to add a little currant jelly to them.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak two spoonfuls of tapioca for two hours. Boil one quart of milk. Add the tapioca, and put in the yelks of three eggs well beaten with a cup and a half of sugar; let this just boil up, then set away to cool. Beat the whites to a stiff froth. Sweeten and put on the cream. This is truly excellent.

TO WASH OIL CLOTH.—Oil cloth may be made to have a fresh, new appearance, by washing it every month with a solution of sweet milk with the white of one beaten egg. Soap, in time, injures oil cloth. A very little "boiled oil" freshens up an oil cloth: very little must be used, and rubbed in with a rag. Equal parts of copal varnish I put; it gives a gloss.